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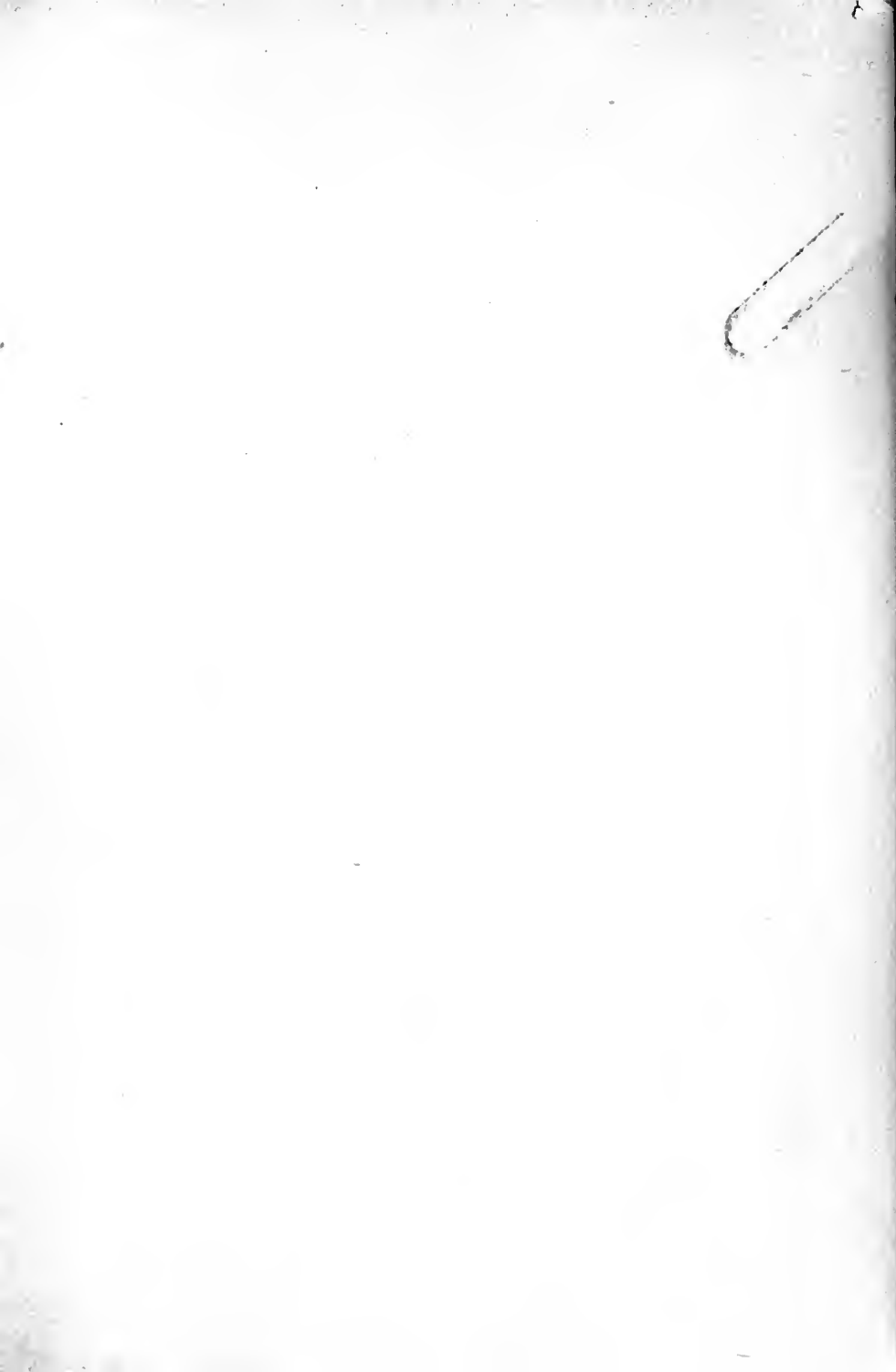
THE STORY
OF THE STATES





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*THE STORY OF
THE STATES*

★ THE ★
Story of the States



A REPRINT in book form of
the Series of Articles under
the same title, first appearing
in *Printers' Ink*, which were
designed and written by
N. W. AYER & SON for the
purpose of adding some perti-
nent fact, progressive thought
and prophetic vision to the
Nationalism of Advertising.
Compiled and printed at
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

Philadelphia . . . MDCCCCXVI

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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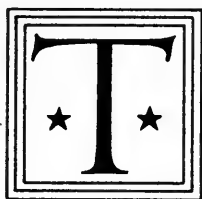
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F O R E W O R D

THE STORY OF THE STATES



THE United States is developing the quality of nationalism. We are coming to think of things in terms of our nationality. Business men are interested in what the nation grows, what the nation produces, what the nation consumes, what the nation exports and imports.

If a calamity befalls one of our states or cities, it is a national calamity. We have established a national point of view and are thinking with a national mind. Manufacturing is being done on a national scale, distribution studied on the same scope, and national advertising has arrived.

Under these conditions there is need for the national advertising agency, and such an agency may be located in Philadelphia, or Detroit, or New York, or Kansas City, or Denver, provided that its activities are national, its experience national and its capacity to serve organized on a national basis.

This country is geographically so vast, its population so great, its range of industries so wide, that no concern may have a correct national point of view unless this national view is made up of segments of sectional views. In other words, a correct national viewpoint may only be formed by an intimate study of the contributing local facts and conditions.

Our business, which has for more than a quarter of a century been the largest of its character in the world, has in the past few years undergone a complete reorganization. This reorganization has not been merely a change of men and methods; it has been rather a re-expression to suit modern conditions of the first fine principles upon which the business was established forty-six years ago.

For the past several years our representatives have visited on an average of thirty-seven states per year; we have made an

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average of six thousand business calls per year; we have kept on file, closely scrutinized, checked and registered, whether we had an advertisement in them or not, an average of fifteen thousand publications from all sections of this country.

We have developed to an unusual extent excellent information and statistics concerning many trades and many localities. We have impregnated our own organization with a greatly broadened view of our nationality as expressed in business methods and business necessities. We have become a National Advertising Agency.

There are a great many advertising agencies which designate themselves as "general" or "national" which apparently take unto themselves this qualification solely because they place advertisements in publications of general or national circulation. From our point of view the intelligent use of national publications is difficult until the agency has had a very broad experience in the use of many forms of local advertising media, such as newspapers, bill posting, etc., in every part and section of this big country of ours.

That an advertiser and his agent may plan to derive the full advantage of an advertising expenditure, there must, in the first place, be a broad basic knowledge of the situation. Actual conditions in each state should be known. This information should be matched up with the status of the advertiser's business in each state. This, in turn, should be considered in connection with an analysis of the circulation of national publications in each state. Only by this process may advertising be made to do its full part in a sales campaign.

Some of the most remarkable national advertising successes have started as local campaigns with a national effort in view as a work of the future.

Too many thinly spread out, poorly supported, so-called national advertising campaigns are started, and the annual death rate is something terrific. Facts and figures are easily available to every one, and need no comment from us.

This scheme of spending a few thousand dollars in a national publication and then proceeding to bluff the trade in the

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line of merchandise thus advertised, is pretty well played out. Helpful, intelligent co-operation with the trade is desirable. Retailers should be responsive to the effort of honest advertisers to place goods on their shelves, but in too many cases consumer advertising is used only as a club on the retailer, and the appropriation is not of sufficient size, nor the advertising effort sufficiently continuous to really accomplish much with the ultimate consumer.

Our developing sense of nationality, and the distressing condition of affairs in many foreign countries, has given rise to an interesting movement whereby it is proposed that goods of American manufacture be uniformly marked "Made in U. S. A." This is a laudable and patriotic movement, and in no sense of the word would we write ourselves down as unfriendly to its success. We must confess, however, to the belief that under anything like normal conditions the American manufacturer in most lines can compete with the world. Locality of manufacture has never appealed to us as a prime selling argument for a line of merchandise. Because a certain article is "made in Peoria," or "made in Illinois," or "made in the United States," is not and never can be the commanding reason why any one should buy it.

We need competition with some of the excellent wares made in some foreign countries to stimulate us to the highest endeavor. For purposes of home consumption the "made in America" label may be somewhat effective, but the forward-looking business men of this country who long to conquer foreign markets need not expect to find the people of other lands overly anxious to buy goods labeled with the mark of their United States genesis, if we as a people intend to exercise our prejudice against merchandise stamped "made in Germany" or "made in Great Britain" or "made in France."

There has been a great deal of honest breath and a good many dollars wasted on the subject of city and community advertising. None of our cities or states can be criticised if they enter upon advertising campaigns in an effort to attract visitors, permanent residents or industries to them. Advertisingly, how-

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ever, we think the notion is unsound. None of the units of our country is sufficient unto itself, and it is a blessed thing for the development of a national consciousness and national trade that such is the case.

We should buy our favorite breakfast food because we like it, because it is wholesome and because the price is right, not because it is made in Battle Creek. The fact that our shoes are made in Brockton, our collars in Troy, or our clothes in Rochester, really has little to do with the desirability of the goods.

If we wish to advertise pickles or tobacco or crackers, we should be certain that all the conditions surrounding our product are right before we attempt publicity. The package should be right, the goods should compare favorably with competing brands, the price should be right, trade channels should be opened and developed—all the various elements contributory to success should be present before we expect advertising to do its part.

Now, if a city starts to advertise there are probably a great many things about it open to criticism. Possibly its tax rate is high, its water system inefficient, portions of its street paving bad, its school board behind the times, its health rate low, its death rate high. Such a municipality has no more business to advertise than has a manufacturer of stale crackers put up in an unattractive package with an out-of-date manufacturing plant and a weak selling force.

No! what we want is the national point of view. We want big men, proud of the fact that they are American citizens, honestly trying to manufacture some article as well as they know how, and genuinely interested in widening their market. In saying this we, of course, realize that there are many businesses wherein freight rates, local usage or other reasons prevent the manufacturer from seeking a national outlet.

When it comes to advertising, business men would in our opinion do well to tie up with an organization which has established and developed the national point of view. It may sound very peculiar, but actual analysis shows that geography is a determining factor in the placing of many advertising accounts.

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The advertiser feels that he would like to have an agency close at hand. We have always thought this a false basis upon which to choose an advertising agency. In our own business we have not hesitated to tell a Philadelphia manufacturer that we could not serve him any better than if he were located in New Orleans, and we did not want his business on the basis that we are a Philadelphia institution. We are *not* a Philadelphia institution; we are a national organization, with men who have had their business experience in various parts of this country, and with a staff competent to keep in touch with business, social and industrial conditions in all sections of this country.

Indeed we have comparatively a small amount of business in Philadelphia, while we do more business in New England than the total business of any New England advertising agency, more business in New York City than any New York agency, more business in the South of the character that we care to handle than all other agencies put together, and our business in the West is not exceeded by more than two or three Western advertising houses.

The manufacturer with a national business, or a business which he hopes some day to nationalize, makes a mistake in choosing an agency because it is handy. If a Cleveland manufacturer selects a Cleveland agency because of convenience, the agency is apt to have some of the limitations which the manufacturer himself has, when it comes to considering the markets of North Carolina.

The foregoing seems to us worth saying in introducing the series of advertisements which we recently ran in "Printers' Ink" under the general title of "The Story of the States." Some of these sketches were historical, some dealt with the business romances which have occurred within the state, others told of great advertising successes with which we admit we had nothing to do; others again pointed out advertising opportunities for us or some one else.

Our hope was to make these advertisements as helpful to general advertising as they could possibly be to us. We are not so unselfish that we do not expect to get a great deal of good out of them.



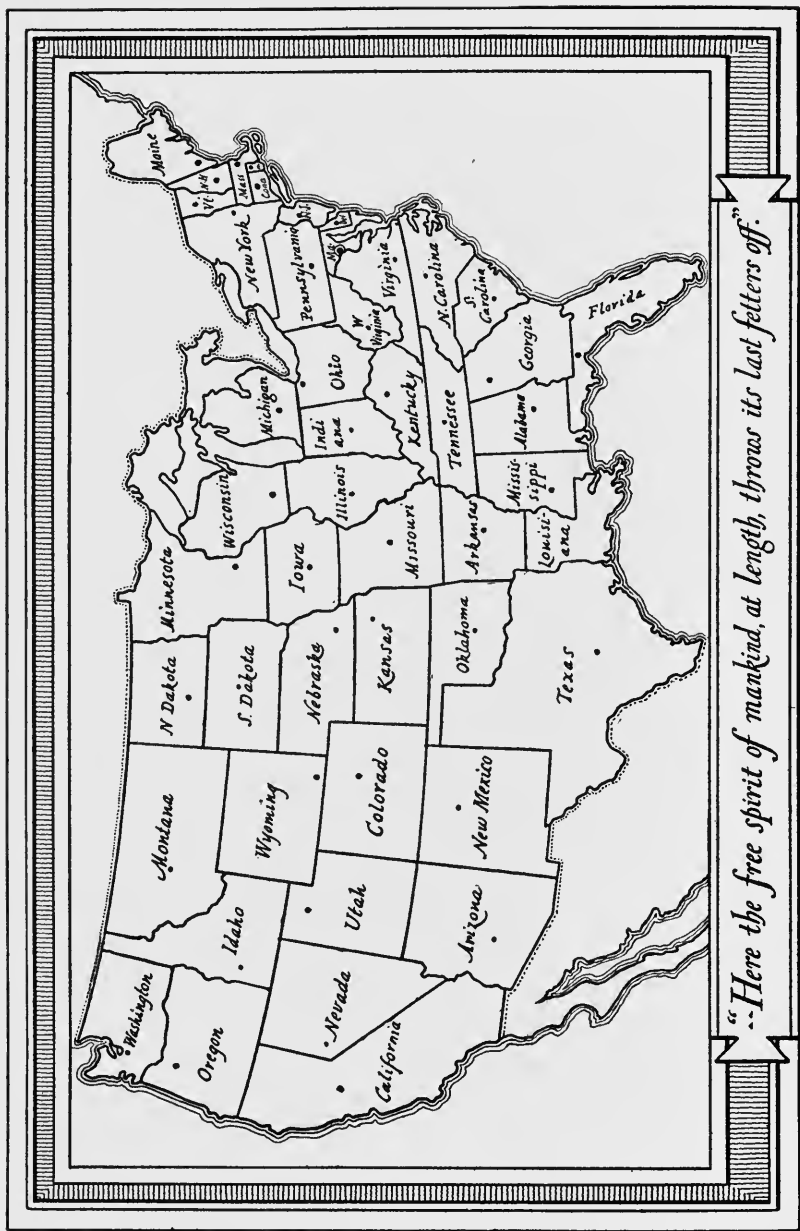
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Massachusetts and the Nation



SEE the little black spot? That's Massachusetts. It is the home of about three million six hundred thousand people, the great majority of whom are busy making things for the other ninety million or so of our population. It probably does more in proportion to its size and says less about it than any other state in the Union.

Massachusetts is first in so many things that to list them all would seem like a reflection on the rest of the country.

So great and varied are the achievements of the old Bay State that she is a little bit inclined to a self-satisfaction that makes her somewhat careless of rivalry and complaisant as to the security of her leadership. To be a leader, without recognizing the widening field for the application of leadership, finally results in the loss of supremacy.

Massachusetts leads in culture and education, mothering more private schools and colleges of national reputation than any other state. Eighty-seven of her private schools are advertisers in national publications through N. W. Ayer & Son. The position and the general reputation of many of these schools is growing more rapidly than the position and general reputation of some manufacturing concerns in the state.

There are big colleges and universities and famous preparatory schools in Massachusetts that should advertise. Some of our leading educators now concede that it is the duty of an educational institution to create standing for itself through adver-



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tising in widely circulating periodicals, so that bearers of its diploma need never explain where and what their school is.

Massachusetts manufacturers have, in the main, been so busy manufacturing things that they have rather neglected to study the art of distribution with a view to extending their markets.

Now, we realize that for an advertising man or organization to tell Massachusetts, that wise old Nestor of states which gave the United States its first lessons in commerce, how to revamp her industrial processes, may be rightly regarded as an impertinence.

We do not intend to lay ourselves liable to any such accusation, but we do think we know Massachusetts conditions and that we may state plain facts without offense.

We have for many years maintained an office in Boston, and in the New England district we probably have more accounts than any other half dozen advertising agencies combined.

We believe in the Massachusetts idea as applied to manufacturing. We know how splendidly many of her manufacturers could use publicity as an aid to business development; because we have worked helpfully with such advertisers as the Carter's Ink Company, The New England Confectionery Company and the Samuel Winslow Skate Company, all great, nationally known leaders in their respective lines.

Over at Wellesley Hills in the state of Massachusetts, there is one of the most remarkable organizations that the world has ever known. Here trained experts assemble, classify and codify business information. Working on a basis of data they make wonderful charts telling of to-day's conditions and to-morrow's prospects in every field of industrial endeavor. The man who heads it has an international reputation for shrewdness, sanity and dependability. We have worked with this concern in the promotion of its interests through national advertising, and we know what it can do for business houses which use its service, just as it knows what we are doing for business houses that use our service.

There are other great advertisers in Massachusetts with whom we should greatly value the privilege of co-operating in sales analysis and market extensions through modern advertising.

Instances are numerous where Massachusetts manufacturers have neglected their trade opportunities. While every one knows about Massachusetts' leadership in the production of footwear, the advertising in this field has been nothing like as consistent as it should be.

A mattress has been successfully advertised, but the manufacturers of sheetings, pillow cases, quilts, comforts and blankets, many of them located in Massachusetts, have scarcely begun to do their duty by their products.

There are jobbing houses controlling brands of underwear and hosiery valued at immense sums, obtaining their merchandise from Massachusetts mills which are not known outside of a limited trade circle.

There are controllers of brands of fabrics who have had the forethought to advertise these names into the consciousness of every woman in America, but the merchandise is obtained from Massachusetts mills on a strictly competitive price basis.

There are makers of men's and women's clothing with trade-mark brands widely known and highly regarded, who buy all the materials for the making of their garments from Massachusetts woolen mills which have no standing outside of "the trade."

There are thousands of "sleepers" among the trade-marks of Massachusetts. The man who owns the trade-mark knows about it, his competitors know about it, a limited circle of jobbers or retailers know about it, but the great bulk of consumers know nothing of its existence.

We do not desire to turn this advertisement into a direct appeal to any manufacturer for his business. It is not consistent with our ideals or our ideas to flippantly announce in the public prints that this concern or that should advertise. We have no desire to tell any manufacturer that we can be of help to him without having knowledge of his individual, specific and peculiar problems.



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We have, however, analyzed Massachusetts industry carefully and conscientiously, and we know a number of lines, for the most part unadvertised, wherein we believe the proprietors would be greatly interested if they would give us a fair, open opportunity to discuss with them ways and means for promoting their business through applied publicity.

This house offers service to Massachusetts manufacturers which peculiarly matches up with their requirements. We are generally regarded as being as conservative in our opinions and operations as any reputable manufacturer or banker.

We have been here a long time, and while we are said to prosecute vigorously whatever we have in hand, we have no disposition to tackle a proposition until we see our way clear to put it through.

We have a big business in Massachusetts, and it ought to be bigger. This advertisement will not fulfill the reason for its existence if some successful, hard-headed Massachusetts manufacturer does not express his willingness to open his mind to the facts of this new selling science, which has its headquarters at 300 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A Tale of Two Cities

WHEN anything affecting national economics stirs the public press we very soon find out what New York and Massachusetts think about it. These opinions come hot, right off the stove, no dilly-dallying. Pennsylvania quickly follows suit and chiming in comes the voice of Illinois. But it is safe to say that what Missouri thinks on the subject has a marvelous lot to do with how the business is settled.

Missouri occupies a tremendously important place in the national union. With her population of 3,372,886 holding the commanding position in the Mississippi drainage basin, the richest farming section of the American Continent, Missouri is economically one of the most nearly independent of our 48 states.

But Missouri's place in the family of states is really owing to her two big cities, St. Louis and Kansas City, one located at either end of the state.

It is certainly more than a coincidence, this two-city-in-a-state development, that St. Louis and Kansas City so typically illustrate. New York City has her Buffalo; Philadelphia her Pittsburgh; San Francisco her Los Angeles; New Orleans her Shreveport; Jacksonville her Key West.

More marked even than booming Pittsburgh and conservative Philadelphia do these two cities in Missouri typify the spirit that has made Missouri a great state.

It may be stated that St. Louis is the Philadelphia of the West. She is considered just as conservative by Western people as is the City of Brotherly Love by Easterners.

St. Louis has the Philadelphia system of streets. She cherishes the old-family idea. Her wealth is enormous. Her



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residential districts among the most beautiful of American cities. Her great industries were founded many years ago and fine old family names stand behind them.

For instance—the greatest hardware concern in the world—Simmons of St. Louis. E. C. Simmons went to St. Louis as a pioneer in industry, energy, far-sightedness. He built up a great business, a reputation and a family. Small at first, this business supplied the needs of an ever-widening territory until the Simmons Hardware Company became the great predominating national distributor in its lines.

The Simmons Hardware Company was known in the trade as the premier hardware organization long before it started to advertise.

With its usual forethought this concern began, about ten years ago, to standardize under one name a mark to cover all good tools. To-day Keen Kutter tools are known wherever tools are used. The carpenter, the man in his own home who repairs a table, the farmer in the field, each knows about Keen Kutter tools.

At the other end of Missouri, Kansas City raises its hum, as different from St. Louis as can be. A boom city to start with, she has justified the original rush and has push and punch thrilling her every fiber. There is probably no parallel in the history of American development—not even excepting Chicago—of how a city can be built up from nothing. Typical of its industries is the Kansas City factory of the National Biscuit Company. When the corner-stone of this magnificent building was laid, President Green, of the National Biscuit Company, said: "This building represents a million-dollar investment, entirely free from mortgage, yet I would rather see it go up in flames to-night than to have any one steal a letter out of 'Uneeda Biscuit.'"

St. Louis and Kansas City are the "Gateways to the great Southwest." They are two of the leading railroad centers of the United States.

St. Louis and Kansas City are the greatest manufacturing towns west of the Mississippi. St. Louis, the fourth city in the

United States, is the second largest shoe manufacturing center in this country. It is the world's greatest manufacturer of street and railroad cars. While not nationally known, Faust Brand of Macaroni, Spaghetti and Noodles made by Maull Bros., St. Louis, represents the biggest package business of its kind in the United States. Listerine—the nationally known antiseptic for the toilet of the mouth—was suggested to a St. Louis chemist by the work of Lord Lister. The Lambert Pharmacal Company, which makes and markets Listerine, has pushed it so successfully that to-day Listerine has no serious rival.

Kansas City is noted particularly for its meat packing industries. As a mark of the city's growth the value of its factory products increased 50 per cent. from 1900 to 1905 and another 50 per cent. from 1905 to 1910, the last national census.

But, important as these cities are in manufacturing, their greatest success lies in the wonderful organizations which their merchants have developed and perfected for the assembling and distribution of merchandise.

While St. Louis is a big shoe manufacturing center, she has developed a marvelous situation in the exploitation of shoes. She is the foremost shoe distributing market in the world, and even controls the master jobbing system for many Eastern shoe houses.

St. Louis is the largest primary fur market in the world. Boston alone surpasses her as a wool market. She is the world's greatest interior cotton market. What is probably the largest work-shirt business in the world is owned by a St. Louis jobbing house. What will some day be to the candy trade what the National Biscuit Company is to the baking business is controlled by St. Louis interests.

St. Louis is as serious a rival to Philadelphia hat houses as she is to Boston shoe houses. Not even Chicago has such an array of hat jobbers. Her wholesale dry good houses are competitors that Chicago has to reckon with. St. Louis millinery houses of national prestige almost control the business of the entire Southwest.



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The whole distributive system of twenty-five important lines of merchandise for the great and growing Southwest is dependent upon St. Louis and Kansas City.

Missouri has two of the four United States Army remount stations—St. Louis and Kansas City.

As a mule market Missouri has no rival. The American output of cobalt and nickel, while small in comparison with the imported product, is derived almost exclusively from Missouri. More than one-half the zinc mined in the United States comes from Missouri.

The reputations of Missouri's schools are not as great as they deserve to be. Missouri's schools have not advertised as extensively as they might. These should have a greater attendance of students from other States than the South and Southwest. They should break down the barriers of sectionalism and advertise nationally. Virginia, a southern State, boasts a military school that by strong publicity has gathered students from "forty-five states, territories or foreign countries."

The public and even educators will read with interest that Washington University, St. Louis, has a larger endowment than Princeton, Johns Hopkins or Massachusetts Institute of Technology; an endowment exceeded by only eight other educational institutions. With magnificent buildings and equipment and a strategic location nearer the center of population than any other university equally equipped, with one exception, this university has no great national prestige and is excelled in student body by fifty colleges and universities and by thirty in total income, despite its enormous endowment.

St. Louis and Kansas City, and therefore Missouri, have always been pretty well able to take care of themselves. From this naturally grew a well nourished "home industry" idea.

But there is a new national note of business interdependence and expansion in the air. Cities and businesses are becoming more and more national in their character and scope. To nationalize you must get the national point of view. You

must get things into national circulation. The way to get things into national circulation is to seek outside co-operation.

Some day some big St. Louis shoe house is going to more fully appreciate its opportunity for national sales and will realize the necessity for advertising in a manner commensurate with its great possibilities.

When that "some day" comes, this St. Louis shoe house will feel the importance to the carrying through of its broader plans of employing an agency with a national breadth of vision and with the perspective of years.

Some day the National Candy Company will conclude that its hopes and possibilities may perhaps be more quickly realized if guided by the experience of a national advertising agency.

We believe many Missouri and St. Louis and Kansas City firms are even now considering the steps to take to make "some day" into present tense.

As advertising counselors for business men who make practically everything from crackers to grand pianos and sell them in every state in this nation, through the medium of practically every publication printed in this land, we feel we have at our disposal information and experience that is nation-wide in its expanse and in its value.

California

The "Go-Getter"

"SAN FRANCISCO wants that Exposition, and we've come to Advertising Headquarters as the place best equipped to help us put it over!"

In brief, such were the tidings of a young Lochinvar out of the West who burst in upon us one Saturday some four years ago.

It was a half day with us, but we met the emergency. The telegraph wires were set to singing with messages to the newspapers of the far West. Next day a full-page advertisement appeared in all the papers west of the Rockies calling upon the people to exert all possible influence to swing the Fair to 'Frisco.

For three days the telegraph facilities of the White House were tied up with messages from the coast that were coming in to President Taft.

As a result, Congress reversed the report of the Exposition Committee, which had already awarded the Panama Exposition to New Orleans, and, to make a long tale a bob tale, 'Frisco got the Fair.

Such are the possibilities of accomplishment when the enterprise of the West is coupled with the equipment of this national advertising agency.

Not content with one exposition for the state, San Diego got busy and held another of its own.

That's the way the virile Californians do things, and that's why to-day California is the most talked of and visited state in the Union.

With her brilliant accomplishments to speak for themselves, we need not bore this noble audience with rhapsodies about her ideal climate and turquoise skies. Most of us know that she has all the natural equipment for success, and those of us who don't will know it when we gather at the Exposition.

With a Panama Canal and a transcontinental telephone line to put her in quicker touch with the markets of the world, California is going ahead like a buck rabbit with a houn' dawg on his trail.

She sure has the opportunities! Raisins, apricots, peaches, oranges, nuts, ostrich feathers, and almost everything else—AND prunes.

To quote the star boarder, let's stop for a minute at prunes. California gives us nearly 90 per cent. of all the prunes used in the United States—and millions of pounds are used every year.

Why isn't it just as logical for the New England housewife to buy California prunes in a trade-marked, sanitary package as it is for a “Native Son” to promenade Market Street in a pair of Brockton-made shoes?

There's a thought for some of you alert Californians, and we've lots of others for any of you who feel growing pains.

To save space and your patience, we ask to be allowed to do a quickstep from prunes to pedagogy.

California has an educational system that ranks among the best. Her public school system is a model. Her normal schools and colleges are conducted upon the most advanced lines.

Mills College is worthy of rank beside Vassar and Smith, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley. There are as many reasons for Eastern girls to matriculate at Mills as there are for Western girls to attend Vassar.

Leland Stanford University is exceeded by only one other institution in endowment. Given a setting like picturesque Palo Alto, the highest educational standards and an equipment more than up to the best of Eastern colleges, and what wouldn't advertising do for Leland Stanford?



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We mention these educational institutions because we believe that their influence has much to do with the future progress of the state. As Advertising Headquarters, handling more than 80 per cent. of all the school advertising done in the United States, we are positioned to assist California's schools and colleges in securing students from afar.

We have cited but a few of California's advertising possibilities. We could name many more, but believe that what we have said will cause a few of California's growers and manufacturers and educators to look eastward for the assistance that experience can give. Distance is no handicap—San Francisco is but a telephone call from Philadelphia.

We are not unknown in California as Advertising Headquarters. It has been our good fortune to have associated with Mr. William Woodhead in his work of building up "Sunset," the Pacific Monthly, to its present position as a leader among American magazines. Mr. Woodhead is a national figure in advertising. As president of Sunset Magazine, as ex-president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World and as a man well informed on advertising matters, his opinions are highly respected. We feel sure that any Californian seeking to know the truth about us can get it—unvarnished—from Mr. Woodhead.

Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow

“JAWJAH” is the way they pronounce it down there, and very prettily it sounds as drawled by a real Georgian’s tongue.

Those of the North who look on Georgia and her sister states of the South as easy-going and slow to progress will find this statement an eye-opener: GEORGIA BONDS RECENTLY SOLD ON THE BASIS OF NEW YORK BONDS.

Let that sink—and remember that this is a state which was, fifty years ago, left impoverished and disrupted by the Civil War.

To quote from a recent editorial by Mr. Brisbane: “This is an achievement that speaks volumes in endorsement of the credit, resources and government of the state.”

In the past, Georgia has developed more great statesmen, orators, lawyers and poets than great business men. Coming of a long line of land-wealthy ancestry and controlling a fortune in her vast cotton-producing acreage alone, Georgians were not faced with the necessity of manufacturing development. Nor has Georgia had an inrush of immigrants to foment her to great industrial activity.

Her people have had time to educate and refine themselves, and now that they are keenly imbued with the progressive spirit of the times, she is a force to be reckoned with.

As a demonstration of what a Georgian can do in a business way, consider Asa G. Candler, of Atlanta, whose “Coca Cola” has become a national beverage and who is one of the largest and most progressive of present-day advertisers.



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Starting with a formula, for which he paid only a few dollars, he has amassed an immense fortune and contributed more than any other one man to the splendid growth of his home city.

Atlanta is thoroughly metropolitan, "the New York of the South," a beautiful, bustling, progressive city, where live some of the finest people on earth. In her people there is a blending of fine Southern ideals of living with splendid business energy, and her continued growth in commercial and industrial importance is assured.

There are large cotton mills in Georgia, and their production of sheetings and toweling and fancy woven fabrics are great and constantly growing. In cotton duck her output far exceeds that of Massachusetts. In coarse yarns she leads the country. Georgia has great resources and opportunities in lumber, and her fruits and vegetables are famous. Just the thought of a Georgia peach or watermelon sets a Northern mouth to watering.

She offers fine inducements to foreign industries; water-power in great volume, good transportation facilities, adequate labor; and in Savannah she has one of the most important South Atlantic seaports.

The newspapers of a state are great factors in its progress. In this particular Georgia is especially blessed. Almost all of her important cities boast newspapers whose fame is country-wide and which editorially, advertisingly and from a news standpoint rank in the first class.

Old and distinguished educational institutions are another of Georgia's riches. Wesleyan Female College, lifting her venerable towers over the central city of Macon and echoing the bells of Mercer University at the other end of the city; the State University and Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens; Agnes Scott and the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta—these and many other schools and colleges of the first rank which Georgia boasts, deserve a wider appreciation by the country at large.

These select schools in this highly refined atmosphere should draw their scholarships from the country at large. Advertising can do much toward nationalizing the reputation of these insti-

tutions, and N. W. Ayer & Son are the chief advertisers of the country's schools.

In her industrial progress Georgia business men are rapidly reaching the advertising stage. Their growth demands a wider market. In seeking for new trade outlets the manufacturers of Georgia will do wisely to enlist the assistance of Advertising Headquarters. We have helped in the building of some of the greatest businesses in the South and are confident of our ability to do the same with others.

The State of a Nimble Mind

THE first carload of any single brand of tobacco ever sold and shipped at one time as far West as the Rocky Mountains was Prince Albert, bought by the Morey Mercantile Company, of Denver, Colo.

When we began the national advertising of Prince Albert Tobacco, some five years ago, we also conducted a thirteen-week special campaign in Denver dailies.

Why was Denver chosen for this special campaign?

We desired to prove that even with the market already supplied with numerous brands of advertised tobaccos, a demand could quickly be developed for a tobacco of Prince Albert's merits. We chose Colorado because of the well-known open-mindedness of its people. They are not in the habit of buying gold bricks, but they have a reputation for promptly availing themselves of a good thing when it is properly laid before them.

The result of the campaign was a revelation. Compared with Ohio, for instance, these facts came to light:

Colorado's population was less than a million; Ohio's was about four million. Two salesmen were employed in Colorado; seven in Ohio. With four times the population and three and a half times the selling force in Ohio that we had in Colorado, the sales of the two states were practically equal.

A nation-wide newspaper campaign to support the vigorous work being done in national publications quickly followed because of what we had demonstrated in "The State of a Nimble Mind."

The people of Colorado have not settled down into the stultified belief that all good things have been accomplished. They are looking onward and outward. With so prompt a response to an article originating so far beyond her borders, what

possibilities for the intelligent advertising, within the state and outside of it, of the state's own enterprises!

Colorado was the greatest silver mining state when silver was demonetized. Colorado then turned her attention to mining gold, and quickly became the greatest gold producing state.

By leading the waters out from her bank-full rivers when the mountain snows melted, and pouring them on the thirsty, fertile plains, Colorado has done much to drive the Great American Desert from her borders.

She turned her great stock ranches into farms and raised grains and alfalfa. Then seeing greater profit in raising sugar beets she quickly led other states in this line, with a present slicing capacity in her factories of over twelve thousand tons a day.

All this has Colorado done in little more than a generation. What next?

The energy and progressiveness of Colorado makes it sure that she will turn more and more of her raw products into the manufactured article and will seek a larger market for them. Advertising is the magic wand which will help her in her growth.

This advertising agency of national scope is not unacquainted with the possibilities to be accomplished through advertising by Colorado's manufacturers and business men.

For a good many years we have looked after the advertising of the Morey Mercantile Company and Beatrice Creamery Company, both of Denver. These progressive concerns give Ayer Service generous credit for the extension of their trade over Colorado and neighboring states.

To other Colorado industries seeking expansion we offer our advertising service. It has been effective in business-building in all parts of the country and it is most effective when it is coupled with enterprise and energy of the Colorado kind.

The State of “Forward, March!”

SAN FRANCISCO is the geographical center of the United States; Washington is the legislative center; Chicago is the center of American opportunity. And when we say Chicago we speak of Illinois.

A Yankee is always a Yankee; a Southerner has Southland bred in the bone; the West in a Westerner outcrops above all else.

Illinois is the United States in essence. Search American art, letters, science, banking or commerce and at the top, or rubbing elbows with the leaders, you will find luminous examples of the prowess of the sons and daughters of Illinois.

When the cities of the East had arrived at maturity, Chicago was scarcely more than a frontier stockade. That Chicago should rise on the site she occupies was commercially inevitable. That Chicago should become the fourth city in the world during the life of a middle-aged man (dating from the time when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp in 1871) was destiny. That Chicago will become the foremost city of this country is more than probable. How soon and how certainly is only a question of how quickly and energetically her captains of industry put to full use the tools of modern enterprise that our times have created, of how slow or quick her competitors in nearby states are to grasp these same tools and appropriate an advantage that once gained will be difficult to wrest away.

Nature used a lavish hand in endowing Illinois. Her farm values per acre are the highest of any state. Her oil fields are second. Her coal fields third. Her manufactures are exceeded only by those of New York and Pennsylvania. Her commercial

advantage, because of Chicago's position as a distributing center, is the greatest in America. This is the star of her destiny.

Chicago is first in meats and second in steel. It is this country's foremost lumber market. It leads the nation in grain. In everything that men and women wear and eat, in the implements for tilling the soil and gathering harvests, in materials for building, in all the factors that make for the greatest civilization in the world's history, Chicago is a conspicuous leader.

Within twenty-four hours of Chicago reside 85 per cent. of the nation's entire population.

If the thirty-eight leading railroads that center in Chicago could serve them, half the populace of the United States might assemble there by a night's ride.

The Chicago Association of Commerce is a notable example of efficient, aggressive co-operation of a trade organization continuously working in the interests of its city. It has instituted a package-car freight service that minimizes time and distance. Chicago package freight can beat New York to points like Savannah, Ga., by twenty-four hours.

Chicago makes three times as much furniture as Grand Rapids, but the public at large has heard very little of Chicago furniture.

Chicago meats are known throughout the world. But what of the perfectly splendid lines of pickles, preserves and condiments these same packers prepare? One concern produces something like four thousand lines, including such unrelated items as soap, sandpaper and music strings. What an irresistible force this will be when these departments are co-ordinated and harmonized, and, under a master mark, institutional advertising of the right scope is made a definite central policy!

Chicago possesses two great wholesale and manufacturing grocery houses. Some of their various brands are well known within a big radius of Chicago. A standardization of labels plus publicity will give all their lines, including imported de luxe groceries, a tremendous impetus.

The lack of a master label coupled to unified departmental



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advertising effort is also the sadly lacking essential in Chicago's two great wholesale dry goods organizations.

The best-known line of women's hosiery in this country is controlled and advertised by an Eastern wholesale house.

Where is the Chicago jobber, inspired by Chicago's distributing advantage, who will capitalize and nationalize a trade-marked line of men's hats and caps or women's suits or millinery? Where is your "I Will" slogan, Chicago?

Illinois boasts the great harvester industries. These corporations have done tremendous work in increasing the wealth of this nation. Because they have not fully acquainted the great public with the enormous benefactions that they as a national institution have achieved for America, the acid of public criticism has eaten into their national good will.

Chicago has two of the largest wall paper mills in the United States. Would you know what brand of wall paper to ask for? Do you know the name of any firm whose wall papers have a reputation for fastness of color—up-to-dateness of design?

Illinoisians and Chicagoans are aware of their commercial advantages. Opportunities have come so fast, fields of extension have opened out so readily that these middle Western business houses have plucked by the handful here, there, everywhere, like a child in a daisy patch. Prosperity has been abundant. Now they are confronted with the great problem of financing. Many of these biggest concerns are at present so far extended that they cannot accept more opportunities till they digest what they have undertaken.

When digestion improves, trade conditions will improve. Men with experience will then more quickly obey the beckoning fingers of Opportunity which seem forever inviting the boldness of Illinois and Chicago enterprise. But Opportunity is also hailing the merchants of St. Louis, Kansas City, Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Detroit, Toledo, Omaha, Cleveland and other vigorous industrial cities.

While not so strategically located as Chicago, their merchants and manufacturers, by trade-marking and advertising and

progressive selling methods can largely overcome the handicap of Chicago's birthright.

Chicago is one of the greatest advertising centers in the world. On her streets are daily seen some of the foremost men engaged in this work; representatives of magazines and newspapers, bill posting and specialty men, agents or advertising directors of many of America's foremost concerns.

Conditions in this field led us five years ago to extend Ayer Service by opening a Chicago branch.

We think we see new fields of endeavor for the energy and ingenuity of Illinois business men. We believe we have in our organization something of unusual helpfulness for them.

Frankly, the greatest difficulty we have met in securing Chicago and middle-west business is the imaginary barrier of distance. In these days of fast express trains, efficient day and night letters and improved long distance telephone service, Chicago is in reality a next-door neighbor to Philadelphia.

The House of Ayer & Son is itself a great business center. Any concern, no matter where located, which can make and hold intimate successful relations with several hundred of this country's progressive industrial concerns, including the acknowledged leaders in fifty separate and distinct lines is, to say the least, a business institution. And this we have done.

The very fact that in five important lines of trade, the greatest concern of its kind in the world is in Chicago and every one of the five an Ayer & Son customer, willing to bear testimony of how much they get from us that they cannot get elsewhere, is significant.

We invite any one interested to inquire of our Chicago clients as to whether distance is any real barrier to the flow of our advertising service to them. We have no rules or methods of handling business which prevent an accommodation to the necessities of the case. Our only theory of business practice is working along clean lines with clean businesses to promote business health.

It is our belief that the kind of advertising service we are giving our Illinois clients fairly entitles us to more business in



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that state, and we believe we will get more if the manufacturers of Illinois will acquaint themselves more fully with the equipment and workings of this house.

We shall be glad to come to you, without obligation, and tell you how we work or to welcome you at Advertising Headquarters on some of your trips to Philadelphia. We believe you'll find us worth knowing.

Arizona's Awakening

ARIZONA can't give us any advertising; so we propose to give some to Arizona.

If there's a state in this kingdom of the common people that needs advertising, it is this same Arizona. In tender-foot geography it is written down as a land of "sun, sand and sagebrush," and you've never seen a picture of it that wasn't all cowboys and cacti, redskins and rattlesnakes.

All of which is—well, not the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the state. For, know you that Arizona possesses some wonderful resources.

Take the climate—every variety of desirable climate from the year-round cold of snow-capped mountains to tropical. As a dry-atmosphere health resort, Arizona rivals Upper Egypt—or will, when she puts her story into proper advertising form.

And as for scenery—well, for instance, where is the magnificent Grand Canyon of the Colorado? Nine chances out of ten, you'll guess wrong—for it's in Arizona, every foot of it! Advertised as it deserves to be, you would not be satisfied till you had trekked out to see it.

Some of the largest copper mines in the world are here, too. Silver, gold and precious stones are a valuable side line.

With an area that could cover all New England and New York, there wasn't much doing in an agricultural way until the water came—through the irrigation ditches. Now, this vast tract is just blossoming out in the most luxuriant way.

Arizona is still in the experimental stage commercially, just awakening to her opportunities—but she has found out several things for sure. She can grow citrus fruits of all kinds and get first to market with them—weeks ahead of California on oranges,



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lemons, limes and so on. (Advertising would help in the marketing—would find the markets and get premium prices.)

Arizona raises better quality figs than Syria, and her dates surpass those of Algeria in taste.

She grows alfalfa in bumper crops—six and seven a year. She raises the prized long-staple cotton used in the manufacture of thread, the same kind of cotton which we import from Egypt at the rate of 55,000,000 pounds a year.

Then, there are the ostrich farms, with about five thousand birds. Salt River Valley is the greatest place in the world for raising ostriches—its dry, clear air and sunshine produce finer feathers than come from Africa. And, incidentally, these war times afford a chance to put the Arizona feather industry up front.

This is Arizona in synopsis.

When it comes to manufactures, she ranks among the “and other states.” Yet she manufactures goods worth more than \$50,000,000 a year—a 37 per cent. increase over the previous five years.

What the state most needs is population—she has about 240,000 all told, or two persons to every square mile of soil. It is a good stock to begin with—mostly American, with ninety-seven out of every hundred farms and ranches held by white men, and eighty out of every ninety-seven owning the land! In the country, it's a long way to the nearest neighbor, but the cities and towns are as up-to-the-minute as the East.

It is part of our business to know Arizona as intimately as we know the other states. Our dealings thus far have been mainly to hitch up an outside selling plan to the Arizona market. We are prepared to take the other end—to advertise an Arizona product of the nation.

Kansas

KANSAS owes a lot to Senator John J. Ingalls. His poem on Opportunity is hailed as an epic. It is a peculiar fact that Kansas, his home state, is possessed of boundless opportunities which have remained undeveloped. True, Kansas prospers, but many less fortunate states could thrive upon the advantages she wastes and neglects.

Sixty-five years ago no white man claimed Kansas as his home. Now over one and a half million *boast* of Kansas as their home. One or two generations ago Kansas was a part of the Great American Desert. Now, "every morning during the plowing season the farmers go into a cornfield as large as the whole state of New Jersey; every noon during harvest the harvesters come to dinner from a wheat field of 20,000 acres more than Delaware; and every night Mary calls the cattle home from a pasture larger than Pennsylvania."

Kansas exceeds any other state between the Missouri River and California in the annual value of its manufactured products. Kansas City stands fifteenth among manufacturing cities, ranking such industrial centers as Jersey City, Providence, Rochester and her sister city, Kansas City, Mo. But Kansas has little call to sound her cymbals over these facts. The amount of her manufactures is small in comparison with her vast stores of raw materials.

Kansas knows how to grow and how to mine—but *not* how to sell. Kansas—so rich in natural wealth—has been snoring soundly at the advertising switch.

Kansas farmers coax 25,000,000 bushels of oats out of the ground and get an average price of 40c. to 50c. The Quaker Oats Company, of Chicago, trade-marks and advertises oats, and made over \$2,000,000 net profits last year.



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Kansas raises over 150,000,000 bushels of corn for which the Kansas farmer normally gets about 60c. a bushel. But a man in Battle Creek, Mich., turns corn into corn flakes, dresses them up in store clothes and makes many-fold 60c. a bushel.

Kansas sends to market about 100,000,000 bushels of wheat at a normal price of about 90c., milling much of it within the state. But nobody in Kansas is securing a national market through advertising flour.

Kansas sells buckwheat at about 60c. a bushel. But a concern in St. Joe, right over in the neighboring state of Missouri, puts buckwheat in packages, advertises it and builds up a profitable business on Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Flour.

We think, with all respect to the Sage of Emporia, that there is something decidedly ailing with Kansas. It needs to be inoculated with salesmanship and plastered from end to end with trade-marks.

Many opportunities for profitable development and exploitation exist in Kansas. Men with a national vision will see them—men with commercial courage will grasp them. There are such men in Kansas. They need the help of men with national merchandising and advertising experience—when these men get together, Kansas will begin to take the cash and get the credit, too.

300 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is the business home of a number of men with such experience. We have been remarkably successful in serving small businesses advertisingly. The small—or large—manufacturer who seeks national attention should come to National Advertising Headquarters. To those in Kansas and elsewhere who want to learn more of advertising and our ability to apply it, this is an invitation to write or call.

Preparedness + Action = ?

“**P**REPARED in mind and resources” reads the motto on the coat of arms of South Carolina—and every word of it’s true. But, to crystallize this preparedness into fruitful results, the Old Palmetto State needs action, *Action*, ACTION.

Let us review her state of preparedness as concerns mind and resources—then let us boldly examine the facts as to the use she is making of her splendid equipment.

First, in the realm of things mental

—there is the famous old Citadel at Charleston. Here, courses similar to those at West Point are given. And, owing to a wise policy of general publicity, students are drawn not only from the home state, but from a great many other states as well.

Then there is Converse College for women—one of several good schools under private control. Through a generous use of space in national mediums Converse is wisely announcing the opportunities she has to offer. And results are encouraging. She is to be congratulated on her bold, progressive advertising policy. It is action of this kind that will lay the foundation for a great future for this institution.

While we already serve several splendid South Carolina schools, we believe there is an opportunity for general advertising that many other good schools should enjoy. Our broad experience in guiding the publicity of a large majority of the schools in the United States that advertise has especially fitted us to give expert counsel and advice in this respect.

Now, as to South Carolina’s material resources:

The old Palmetto State is largely agricultural. Her most important crop is cotton. Both in the value of cotton as raw material and as manufactured products, South Carolina takes her stand well to the front.



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Here indeed are unsurpassed opportunities for industrial growth and commercial expansion. Especially is this true of cotton-made materials.

And yet, in this state of tremendous cotton growing and cotton manufacturing, the only national advertising along commercial lines is that done for a freckle cream made in Charleston.

What a splendid opportunity for the manufacturing and merchandising, through advertising, of a trade-marked brand of hosiery! How perfect is the setting for the launching of a characterful cotton cloth—so advertised that women would call for it by name as they do any number of cotton-made materials! Here, where the raw material is produced in abundance, does it not seem to be the natural home for nationally known brands of men's negligee and outing shirts, children's dresses and rompers and a score of other cotton-made articles?

And why stick to things the basis of which is grown at home?

Massachusetts does not raise her cattle to supply the leather for her magnificent shoe business; the vegetables for making Heinz's famous 57 varieties do not grow on the hills of Pittsburgh, nor does Missouri manufacture all the hardware that has made Keen Kutter a household word.

Why should not South Carolina be known as the home state for a nationally known brand of kitchen cabinets, or corsets, or shaving cream, or men's and women's clothing, or any number of other articles that are produced far from the source of raw materials?

What the Old South State should do is to vary her industries as she is now varying her crops. To diversify her manufacturing is to prepare for bigger state growth and greater wealth and opportunity.

South Carolina needs the sprinkling can of advertising to nationalize the hum of her industries. Prepared in mind and resources as few states are, there is lacking only the necessary *action* to bring South Carolina to her old rôle of leader of the South.

Here, we aim to give good counsel and to guide to merchandising success brands which are ready to be built on the rock of national good will. More small accounts are handled by us than by any other advertising agency. At the same time we are serving hundreds of the leading national advertisers. Perhaps an advertising scope as broad and varied as this will suggest to South Carolina manufacturers where to come for expert merchandising and advertising counsel.



Mr. Barnum's Native State

AMONG her other rights to fame, Connecticut produced the man who produced "The Greatest Show on Earth"—Barnum—the one and only P. T.

He may have said that "people like to be humbugged," but he certainly didn't believe it, for he couldn't have won the patronage and friendship which he enjoyed alike from the millionaire and the millionairess if he had humbugged them.

Barnum did say, "to send away my visitors more than doubly satisfied was to induce them to come again and bring their friends"—and in saying that he said a mouthful of horse-sense which every business man will do well to heed.

P. T. was a pioneer in advertising and his appreciation and application of publicity were far in advance of his time. Above all things he had initiative. He struck out and did things that nobody had ever done before, and when, at the age of forty, he lost his great fortune, he struck out and made it all over again.

"The world bestows its big prizes for but one thing—and that is Initiative"—and Barnum's initiative is typical of Connecticut.

Because Connecticut has this "get-up-and-get-after-it" spirit, the world has been busy bestowing prizes and medals and

honors upon her for one thing and another ever since she came into being.

About every year it's something new. One year it was a new sewing machine. Not only the machine but the idea was new. It was such a good idea that millions of men and women have risen up to call the inventor blessed.

Another year a Connecticut youth decided he wanted to go to Calcutta. When they got well under way he found that the tedium of social life on board ship had palled on him. So he slipped away by himself to have an entertaining session with his Yankee ingenuity. The result was the Colt revolver—and all the nations of the world united in bowing down to Samuel Colt—and then divided to use one another for targets in the legitimate consumption of Colt firearms. So Gatling guns, rifles, revolvers, the bristling implements of war, are now made in a peaceful Connecticut town and then bustled away to fight the decisive battles of all nations.

There's nothing specially wonderful about the making of cotton thread—until you stop to think how much intelligence and patience and skill is required to pick, unravel, draw, comb, rove, spin, twist, wash, bleach, dye, spool, label and box 3000 acres of Sea Island cotton yearly. It takes about 30,000,000 miles of thread to keep the American people's clothes in condition for public appearance for a year. Yes, thirty million. And close on to a third of that comes from the Willimantic Linen Company, up in Willimantic, Connecticut. They make 28,000 miles of it every day, in 5000 varieties and 300 colors. Of course, it is the greatest corporation of its kind in America—or it wouldn't be in Connecticut.

And pins. The earth opens up and swallows ten billion of them just on our side of the Atlantic every year. Most of these come from Connecticut, too. The very first American pin manufacturing that ever showed a pin's worth of profit or stability was in Connecticut. In Connecticut—up in Waterbury—there is a pin concern displaying its Initiative and forehandedness right now by using advertising space to exploit its uncommon "common" pins and safety pins under trade-marked names.



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The first man that ever had his house insured lived in Connecticut. The date was 1794 and the place was Hartford. Some years later the Hartford Fire Insurance Company organized with two expense items—\$300 a year for a secretary and \$30 a year for fire wood. To-day it carries risks exceeding one billion dollars and Hartford is one of the leading fire insurance cities of the country.

The first accident insurance policy was written for a Hartford man, also. The policy was for \$5000 and protected its holder from accident between the post office and his home. The premium was two cents. But it was a beginning; somebody had the Initiative to be first, and the great Traveler's Insurance Company is the oak that small acorn sprouted.

Initiative—somebody to start something. That's all it needs and the whole world sits up and wags its tail and yaps for it—after it becomes known. And that's another story—"after it becomes known."

Connecticut has developed her Initiative biceps through practicing publicity as much as through production. All the world and his brother knows Connecticut and gives thanks for her.

Take clocks, for instance. Clocks are as much a matter of course as suspenders or sausage. But it took some Initiative to get that first clock up on the kitchen shelf and get it going. Eli Terry did his part and then the Yankee pack peddler took up the theme where he left off. He was indigenous to the Connecticut soil and his department was distribution, also transportation. He figured largely in both; in fact, the Yankee pack peddler's lank, lean, loose-jointed legs seem to have set the longitudinal limits for all distribution problems in those days.

Then along came Seth Thomas and found out the right way to produce clocks. Not only grandfather's clocks and Colonial clocks and common everyday clocks, but tower clocks. After a hundred years of producing exceptionally good clocks, the Seth Thomas Clock Company found that was only half the battle. So they celebrated their hundredth anniversary by—advertising—and brought their account down to us close under the shadow

of one of their own famous tower clocks in Independence Hall. Now there are Seth Thomas Tower Clocks in East India, Peru, Greece, Hawaii—even the Chink listens for the boom of the Seth Thomas Tower Clock in the square to know when to get up and braid his pig tail for another day.

Is this "sordid commercialism" that they raise such a hue and cry about? Not according to our Webster. It is romance of the purest dye and Connecticut has oodles of it.

If publicity hadn't spelled the second half of Connecticut's Initiative, what would it have benefited the International Silver Company to make silver plate so good that it couldn't be better? They made it (Connecticut was the first state in the Union to have successful silversmiths plying their trade), then they advertised it. Consequently, 1847 Rogers Bros. Silver Plate is a household word in every nook and corner of the country. And "greatest in the world" is the particular leaf the International Silver Company has added to Connecticut's laurels.

Our great-grandmothers had a liking for pompous, imposing costumes of gros-grain silks, so they say. That gave the Brothers Cheney their opportunity to show the world what silk manufacturing was like when science was applied. Initiative plus Publicity have placed the best silks in the world in every convenient market in this country—and brought the world's silk record to the Cheney Brothers' door.

Connecticut is full of intelligent, cultured, interesting people. She has more college students in proportion to her population than any other state flying Uncle Sam's flag. Yes, and she has so many schools and colleges that, after we got the first thirty-two on our list of clients, we lost count. Right here we would like to dictate a note to the court stenographer to the effect that the results of advertising for those thirty-two schools have been so satisfactory to all concerned that we're out after thirty-two more of the same brand. "Old Eli" with her 3000 strong, and the new Connecticut College for Women both have a story to tell that would get the advertising pages read to good purpose. Loomis Institute, which was one of our late comers, has proven a comer in every sense of the word.



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Connecticut or Advertising—which is our theme? You can't separate them. Advertising has made Connecticut known to all the world, and, in proportion to her size, she boasts more signal advertising successes than any other state.

How much have we had to do with the advertising of these Connecticut successes. Put it up to the Colt Firearms Company, or the Cheney Brothers, or the International Silver Company, or Manning Bowman, or—but the list is too long. All this information is on file for reference at the pleasure of those interested.

They're Sawing Wood in Arkansas

ARKANSAS—pronounce it “saw,” please—has natural resources unsurpassed by any state. She is favored with a climate that makes her territory an ideal dwelling place. Her altitudes range from three hundred feet above sea level to three thousand feet. She has wonderfully fertile valleys and bottom lands, and rolling prairies. The valley of the Arkansas River, from the Oklahoma line entirely across the state, knows no superior as a cotton-growing section.

Arkansas can successfully produce any crop grown between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes. Apples, many different varieties, as fine as any in the Union are grown here, while grapes, cherries and other small fruits are produced in abundance.

Here are some facts about some of her other products reduced to conceivable quantities.

If the lumber cut in a single year in Arkansas were sawed into inch planks, it would build a boardwalk twelve feet wide around the earth at the equator. A year's crop of Arkansas corn, ground into meal, would furnish griddle cakes to every family in the United States (five people to a family) every morning for a year and a half. The Bear State's rice crop for a year would give every inhabitant of Greater New York a pound package once a month, every month for a year. Her oat crop would furnish a two-pound package of oatmeal to the same people, once a month, every month for two years. If her cotton crop for twelve months were made into heavy, knitted union suits there would be enough to give the inhabitants of Illinois fifteen suits each, counting all as adults.



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Arkansas furnishes the raw material (bauxite) for a very large portion of the world's aluminum. Is there any good reason why she shouldn't convert this bauxite into cooking utensils and auto bodies?

In the nature of expansion, Arkansas must develop along manufacturing lines. The opportunities for a great making and selling movement are simply wonderful.

Why shouldn't Arkansas knit and weave her cotton and sell it, converted, under trade-marked names?

Why shouldn't she sell trade-marked boxes of apples or crates of peaches, pears and plums?

Why is it not reasonable to expect that some one will some day sell her a part of her great peanut crop in the form of peanut butter, packed in jars attractively labeled and made known through national advertising?

We know of only one national advertiser in Arkansas—Crescent College, of Eureka Springs. This institution of learning has secured attendance of students from sixteen other states through magazine advertising placed by N. W. Ayer & Son, the National Advertising Agency—advertising counselors to 80 per cent. of all schools using general publicity in the United States.

Arkansas will, of necessity, seek a greater market for her products. She will, at no far future day, join the ranks of national advertisers.

We can show the pioneer manufacturer of Arkansas the right road to advertising success—design his package, help him get it properly distributed, induce people to ask for it and come back for more. We have done this for others, so advertising history repeated will not be remarkable. We would welcome an invitation to discuss the matter with the Arkansas producer with courage to be first—and with those with faith to follow him.

Tickling the Palate of a Nation

ALL the world likes cheese—the Frenchman his Brie and Camembert and Roquefort; the Italian prefers his Parmesan and Gorgonzola; the German considers his Limburger or Muenster unsurpassed; the Swiss swears by Gruyère and Schweitzer; the Englishman has his Cheshire, Cheddar and Gloucester.

Nearly everybody in America eats some kinds of cheese, from the plain "American" to the odoriferous foreign varieties which may be located in the dark without a match.

We Americans are most cosmopolitan in our tastes. We like our own American cheese, but we can also appreciate the palate-tickling qualities of Camembert and Gorgonzola and Stilton, et al.

Nowadays we don't have to go to Europe for our cheese—we make 'em all right at home—and most of it in Wisconsin.

Lucullus, or his butler, may know how to order by name a cheese for which a special fondness has been cultivated.

But how about the great "rest of us"?

We say to the grocer man "—— and I think I'll have some cheese," specifying American or Swiss if it be the docile, unobtrusive, home-broke sort we wish or Roquefort, Brie, Gorgonzola or Camembert if our tastes run to antiques.

But to get down to cases. Isn't there a great big opportunity to market a line of cheeses under a trade-marked brand? American cheese makers thus far have made no attempt to create a demand for such trade-marked products. They have ignored the power of printers' ink to establish the reputation of their goods and so increase their own profits.



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The opportunity exists and has anybody a better right to take advantage of it than Wisconsin, the greatest cheese-producing state of them all?

Besides the domestic sorts—Cheddars, Daisies, Longhorns, etc., Wisconsin produces large quantities of Swiss and Muenster and Limburger cheeses—and in addition considerable quantities of the supposedly “foreign” kinds in ever-growing quantity. In the Pullman diners, these latter may be listed as “types,” but they strongly suggest the original.

Last year Wisconsin broke all records in her cheese output. To-day she is exporting cheese to Europe. The next step should be to adopt trade-marks, place them upon every package and then let the public know about Wisconsin cheese through advertising.

Wisconsin is our premier state in dairy products, but that isn't the limit of her claims to greatness. In Racine the great J. I. Case Company make and ship threshing machines to all the world. In late years this concern has placed on the market the Case Automobile—a most logical sequence to such a great mechanical plant.

The Kissel Motor Car Company, of Hartford, are also top-liners in their class throughout the nation, while the Jeffery Six needs but the mention to place its high position in the automobile world.

It is our great pleasure to have among our valued clientele in the state such well-known firms as the Cooper Underwear Company (of Klosed-Krotch fame), the Everwear Hosiery Company, the John A. Salzer Seed Company, and the Dr. David Roberts Veterinary Company.

Other Wisconsin manufacturers might well follow the lead of these firms and, through Advertising Headquarters, make a name and market for their products. Gloves and mittens, canned peas, paper (particularly writing paper), sweaters and cardigan jackets and carriages are among the possibilities.

Educationally, Wisconsin is a national force. The University of Wisconsin is, in Doctor Eliot's words, “the most useful institution in America.” With 7000 resident students

and a wonderful equipment, it is entirely within the realm of probabilities, that, with advertising, the University of Wisconsin would, in a few years, become the greatest educational institution in the Western Hemisphere.

As the National Advertising Headquarters for schools, N. W. Ayer & Son have the pleasure of advertising several Wisconsin schools and colleges—St. John's Military Academy (the American Rugby), Hillcrest School, Wayland Academy, Grafton Hall, Hillside Home School, North West Military Academy, Milwaukee-Downer College and Racine College are well-known names in the educational world.

To the Wisconsin dairyman or manufacturer or educator, Philadelphia may seem a goodly distance away. But it isn't. N. W. Ayer & Son is known as Advertising Headquarters. Our Chicago office is right at Wisconsin's doorstep—awaiting her invitation to point the way to advertising Wisconsin successward.

We have but scratched the surface of the source of Wisconsin's greatness, but we have sensed the possibilities of a greater future greatness. Advertising Headquarters is the logical place to bring about its development.

Our latchstring is out—



Where Pep Waits for Population

PAUL MORTON, late president of the Equitable Life of New York, said: "Agriculturally, commercially, industrially, financially and prospectively the West is greater than all the countries of history, and yet it is only in the vestibule of its infancy so far as production and wealth are concerned; and, in my opinion, the West is destined to have more political power, more happiness and greater influence in the affairs of the world than any other similar area on the face of the globe."

"The West" is the biggest thing, territorially, in the United States. On the extreme northwest corner of said West is one of the choicest states of which this nation boasts. Washington, right this minute, is knee deep in progress. She has had boom tactics applied by the sharpers, she has taken the gaff and suffered, but she has come through right and tight and is doing enviable things. In the to-morrows to come what President Morton said of the West will be found coming true in Washington State.

Do you know why San Francisco is the first city on the Pacific Coast in volume and value of exports? Because she is oldest. She was settled before Seattle or Tacoma were even thought of—because she was nearly a thousand miles nearer the civilization of those pioneer days. As a matter of fact, Seattle and Tacoma on Puget Sound are 300 miles nearer Japan, Manila, India and China than San Francisco, and 800 miles nearer the bustling Yukon country. Furthermore, Seattle to-day has the finest harbor on the whole Pacific Coast and extensive wharves and warehouses for handling shipping. Puget Sound is the natural gateway to the Orient and that enormous territory, Alaska. You will hear wonderful stories of commercial growth from the shores of Puget Sound in the next few years.

Washington is wonderful in natural resources. The climate and the soil are her allies. Her forests are famous, producing approximately 63 per cent. of all the Douglas fir cut in the United States and 53 per cent. of all the cedar. Industrially, lumber is most important. Tacoma has twenty-five lumber mills and shingle factories, also sash and door factories. She works the largest saw mill in this country.

But the resources of Washington have scarcely been touched. The hills are full of mineral wealth and water power. There is an abundance of good coal to put under the boilers of the factories that are to come. The fertility of Washington valley lands is marvelous. Yakima Valley apples are the choice of epicures. But—and here's the rub—Washington will never realize on the prophecy of Paul Morton until she gets a population commensurate with her needs. There are millions of acres of unimproved or only partially improved land in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Montana and the rest of the West. These states will absorb many millions of population. Washington, because of its timber, because of its minerals, stone and clay, because of its great ports on Puget Sound and its trans-continental terminals, and because of destiny, will develop into a wonderful importing and manufacturing state. Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane are now the supply stations of Alaska. The cities of the Washington-to-be will be the big manufacturing



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centers of the great West-to-be, producing the necessities for the homes of the stupendous population that this section will support.

Where is this population to come from? Why, it is packing its trunk now. When the European War is over the tide will commence. With the Panama Canal in working order, emigrants can be put down on the Pacific Coast for something like \$15 more than it will cost to land in New York.

What shall Washington do to get her percentage of this growth? Let her land owners and business men get together with the railroads and form an energetic working committee to boost the story of Washington. Begin a plan now that will invite not alone the hard-hit emigrant to come to Washington, but open the eyes of the thousands of our Easterners who are longing for Opportunity. Washington! You have it. Tell it. Make it attractive. "Immigration advertising has been done," you say. Has it been done in the best way possible? Has the last word been said?

We at Advertising Headquarters are pioneers in doing old things in new and bigger ways. We will be glad to talk to the great transcontinental railways or to a commercial association on how Washington's future can be capitalized and sold for development on a sound commercial basis. Washington was once boomed almost to death. Let's have some real prosperity minus the stampede and mushroom sauce.

The Queen State of the Southland

IN writing of Louisiana, the temptation is strong to dwell at length on the romantic charm of New Orleans.

Her quaint, old French Quarter, her gorgeous Mardi Gras and her hospitable, interesting people are fascinating material for description.

We, however, must leave the sentimental side of the subject to the illustration on the following page and to those writers who have dreamed over their coffee after a never-to-be-forgotten breakfast at Madam Begue's.

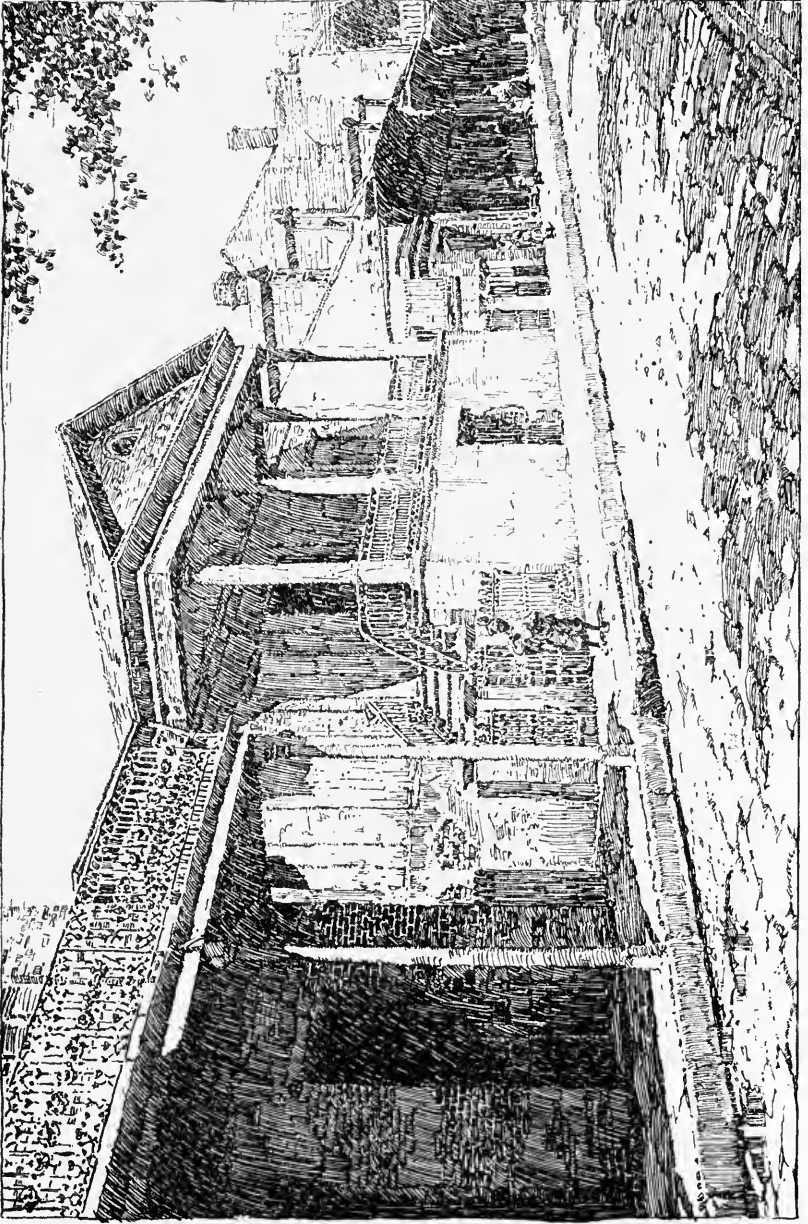
Our job is to tell something of the industrial accomplishments and possibilities of this great state.

New Orleans, "the Crescent City," located at the mouth of the Mississippi River, which has been aptly called "the jugular vein of the North American Continent," holds a commanding situation as a shipping port.

Quite naturally, she is the chief commercial center of Louisiana, and her history under French and Spanish rule, her progress from turbulency under foreign government to tranquillity as an American possession, are proof sufficient of the courage and optimism and unquenchable energy of her people.

But the greatness of Louisiana does not end with New Orleans. Greatness is a quality which extends to the entire state—greatness of area, of spirit, of purpose, of resource and possible achievement.

Of course, Louisiana is a great cotton state. To present this point as a piece of news would be like telling you that New York has skyscrapers. However, as an indication of her progressiveness, it is well to record that, because of a wise and



Courtesy of Travel Magazine

Old Creole Residences, New Orleans

growing tendency to diversify her crops, Louisiana's production of the fleecy staple has considerably declined in the last decade.

Another evidence of Louisiana's organized ability and enterprise is her splendid system of warehousing, financing and marketing her great cotton crop.

After cotton, sugar is her most important product. In 1913, she raised five million tons of cane, yielding three hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar and enough syrup and molasses to spread all the waffles, batter-cakes and biscuit baked in the country.

It is natural, therefore, that there should be located in New Orleans the world's largest molasses and cane syrup house—Penick & Ford—and just as natural perhaps that its advertising should be looked after by the world's largest advertising agency, N. W. Ayer & Son.

To show her versatility, Louisiana also leads the country in rice-growing—with Texas, about two millions of bushels behind, in second place. As the people of the United States use about two hundred millions of bushels of rice each year (and grow less than one-tenth of this amount) it is very evident that the rice grower has a field of rare possibilities.

In this leading industry we are also fortunate in numbering among our clients the leader, The Louisiana State Rice Milling Company.

We feel that the promotion of a packaged rice is an opportunity which Louisiana will inevitably grasp to her tremendous advantage. In fact, we look forward to the time when our client will have found conditions right to enter this ripe and virgin field.

Louisiana has salt enough (and 90 per cent. pure) for the entire world for years; cypress and long-leaf pine forests to supply timber to the next generation, and a vast area of richly fertile land (twenty-three million acres of it—as large as the state of Indiana) waiting for the hand of man to develop.

Louisiana also produces garters—garters for men, which are a pronounced improvement over any sock supporters yet de-



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vised. They are called "Ivory Garters," and they are made by the Ivory Garter Company of New Orleans.

We mention this to demonstrate the fact that there are always advertising possibilities where there is a good product backed by a courageous maker.

There is no special manufacturing reason for making a garter in Louisiana. There are many reasons, to the timid, why another garter shouldn't be manufactured anywhere. There are many good kinds on the market—some nationally advertised. But a man in New Orleans conceived what he believed to be a better garter, and he backed his faith with an advertising appropriation—and in just a brief space "Ivory Garters" have established themselves in all parts of the country.

This is a real lesson for some of our states (especially the sister Southern states of Louisiana) which think they have little to manufacture and less to advertise.

There is no special reason why Postum and Grape Nuts should have been first manufactured in Battle Creek, Michigan. With his vision and ability and courage, the creator of these nationally consumed products could have been just as successful if he had founded his business in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

On the other hand, there seems a better reason why a nationally famous coffee should be advertised by a New Orleans maker rather than a New York house.

All of which is cited to prove that it is a narrow-visioned state which thinks that its opportunities are limited to its raw product.

You remember what Emerson or Elbert Hubbard or somebody said about "the man who makes a better mouse-trap"—think it over, you states who are buying more from others than you are selling to them, and realize that the opportunity is yours to produce and advertise to success any good, valuable thing that the people need.

Our knowledge of business conditions in Louisiana is best argued by our business connections in that state, and that knowledge can help many another Louisiana manufacturer to success if he will but command it.



Our representatives know New Orleans as they do Philadelphia—Louisiana as they do Pennsylvania. Any business man or firm wishing to know about our methods and service have only to express the wish and we will call. We are sure that any of the clients we have named will gladly testify to the adaptability of Ayer Service to Louisiana industries.

Big Little Rhody

NAPOLEON was physically little—they nicknamed him “The Little Corporal”—but he changed the map of Europe and won fame as the greatest soldier of all time.

Japan is a little country physically, but she gave big Russia a grand good licking, and now has Giant China eating from her hand.

Rhode Island is physically “The Littlest Girl” in our big family of states, but industrially she is a Hercules (if you will pardon the mixed gender), ranking seventeenth in the total value of manufactures as compared with those of her sister states.

All of which proves that size is nothing as compared to brains, energy and get-up-and-getiveness.

The population of Rhode Island is only about six hundred thousand souls, but judging by her productiveness they must be the busiest six hundred thousand souls in the country.

To begin with, Rhode Island had the men—strong-fibered, big-brained, courageous men, from Roger Williams right on through a long list of sturdy pioneers—and she started to do new things right from the jump.

She originated a form of government which was the most democratic ever known. The early settlers of Providence founded, in 1638, the first Baptist Church in America. The first British blood in the War of the Revolution was shed by a Rhode Islander, and her citizzns did yeoman service in winning the freedom of the Colonies.

Rhode Island gave the first spinning-jenny to the United States; she established the first cotton mill; operated the first power looms and bleached and printed the first calicoes in America.

Fact is "Little Rhody" has been first in a remarkable number of things—even in facing the servant-girl problem. Over a century ago this complaint was published in a Providence paper:

"There has been taken away from the servant girls in this town all inclination to do any kind of work and left in lieu thereof an impudent appearance and a strong and continued thirst for high wages."

It is probable, also, that Rhode Island can boast the first advertising poet, judging by the following, which appeared in the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal* as early as 1796:

"A bunch of grapes is Thurber's sign;
A shoe and boot is made on mine;
My shop doth stand in Bowen's Lane
And Jonathan Cady is my name."

The oldest surviving newspaper in the United States, *The Mercury*, established in 1758 by a brother of Ben Franklin, is published in Newport.

Rhode Island leads every state except Massachusetts in the production of cotton goods, and is second only to Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in worsteds and woolens. In dyeing and finishing textiles, Rhode Island stands third; in silk manufacture, sixth, while in the jewelry industry she is the topnotcher of them all.

There is woven in Rhode Island a variety of cotton cloth that has enjoyed a national reputation for quality for years without advertising, yet other mills in other states are to-day producing the same quality goods and getting a bigger market for them through advertising.

Few people outside the immediate circle of the jewelry trade realize the immense importance of Rhode Island as the leading producer of jewelry of all kinds.

Rhode Island has done and is doing great things, but there are still greater things for her to do. The prestige and patron-



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age that she enjoyed as the pioneer in so many lines is rapidly being encroached upon by other states which have more effectively invoked the power of publicity.

The achievements of Rhode Island's founders were mighty, despite the limited means at their command. Their descendants, with more abundant capital, greater skill and better organization, should keep to the fore in the world's march.

No record of Rhode Island could be complete without mention of Brown University, founded in 1766 as Rhode Island College. "A government stable and barracks during the Revolution," writes an eminent historian, "it has been a beacon light ever since." Out of its classic halls have come such men as Albert Harkness, J. Lewis Dimon, E. Benjamin Andrews, Horace Mann, Henry Wheaton, Richard Olney and John Hay. Her president from 1827 to 1855, Francis Wayland, introduced methods which largely contributed to the advancement of education throughout the country. Among other things accomplished by this great educator was the conception of a practical method for elective studies which was first put in operation in Brown University in 1850.

Advertising Headquarters extends to the manufacturers of Rhode Island a knowledge and a service in publicity which will help to keep them in the leading positions to which the quality of their products so justly entitle them.

New Mexico—Next on Opportunity's Calling List

IF you were to ride out from Carrizozo up a certain tortuous canyon of the Tres Cerros, a few hours would fetch you to a dilapidated little cabin occupied by a dejected little man. If you accepted the invitation to share his daily fare of beans, bacon and sour-dough biscuit, you would presently see him perform a most amazing task. He would take up his coal bucket, walk out about 20 yards, and with pick and shovel dig out a scuttle of coal from the face of a hill in about two minutes!

Think of having a coal mine in your back yard, with coal at \$3 to \$8 a ton! Yet that dejected little man is as poor as a peon! Rugged mountains bar the steam horse and the way to the world's markets—his coal now lies worthless as rock except for his own use.

Our hero and his coal mine typify the great state of New Mexico—teeming with treasures untouched and undeveloped.

Capricious nature has given bountifully to New Mexico, but has so guarded her wealth that it must be wrested from her. New Mexico needs development—more farmers, more industries, most of all, more water. This great want will be partially met when the great \$9,000,000 Elephant Butte Irrigation Dam, now nearly finished, turns its waters onto the desert places of the Rio Grande valley. This dam will form a lake 45 miles long and will irrigate 180,000 acres—turning barren sands into garden spots.

The past decade has seen substantial progress in New Mexico. May the next decade see more! She has the coal, the coke, the lumber, the copper, the wool, the clay products and other materials to make her an industrial rival of western Penn-



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sylvania or Michigan. Already she has discovered the value of the once obnoxious soap weed as a basis for grass floor covering and paper stock.

In New Mexico there are two or three small national advertisers. One of these is the Francis E. Lester Company, of Mesilla Park, marketing toilet articles and novelties. This concern started on the right track and with able advertising guidance possesses possibilities for unlimited growth.

Another advertiser is an Ayer client—the New Mexico Military Institute, at Roswell. In 1911 Colonel Willson came to Advertising Headquarters for a diagnosis. His school was confronted with difficult problems. Its immediate drawing territory is sparsely settled. Localized advertising was tried and found unprofitable. Our experience in school advertising dictated national advertising, which attracted students from every part of the country and especially from New Mexico. Here is an advertiser who realizes that a national agency is best equipped to handle his business, though Roswell is three days from Philadelphia.

Ayer advertising can stimulate the growth of more schools in the southwest. They may be small, but advertising will keep them from staying that way. We don't believe any business or institution is too small or too large to profit by advertising. We want to show you, who own a business, small, large or intermediate, just how Ayer advertising can expand that business.

Modest Maine of the Hundred Harbors

MAINE'S chiefest product is scenery. She has oodles and gobs and blobs of it, piled on thick everywhere.

She is the very pet of Nature, with her tree-fringed coast, pierced and scalloped with bays and coves and inlets and harbors that are the ultimate in marine beauty; with her emerald hills and virgin forests; with her prim, trim farms and her fine, clean cities.

But what chance have we to paint the beauties of Maine? Thoreau did it with his pen. Whistler might have done it with his brush and palette. The railroads are trying to do it with their gorgeous, glowing invitations to "Vacation Land."

So great are the natural charms of Maine that it is a wonder her people can work with such beautiful surroundings to distract them.

But they do work, and their accomplishments have been many and great. They have done much for us of other states.

Of their timber and granite and limestone they have contributed largely to the building of our homes and offices and public edifices.

Of their sweet corn, potatoes, salmon and herring, they have made delicious contributions to our tables—not even sparing their lobster, which is so excellently good that they might be pardoned for eating it all themselves.

Of her silver birch, Maine contributes to the work-baskets of the world spools to the annual value of \$1,000,000.

She was first to engage in shipbuilding in America, and has strewn the seas with staunch vessels to help in transporting the commerce of the world.



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She has mothered great men who have left an enduring mark on the politics, the literature and the business of our nation.

With all her accomplishments, Maine has been modest—too modest, in fact, for her commercial good. She has done little advertising in proportion to her opportunities to advertise; yet, strangely enough, she has produced two of the greatest figures in the advertising of this country—Cyrus H. K. Curtis and Frank A. Munsey. Probably the backwardness in publicity of their native state is why these men left home. Certainly they were born with the advertising instinct, and not only have they built up great businesses for themselves through advertising, but have furnished the mediums to forward the cause of advertisers everywhere.

Maine's reason for not advertising is surely not lack of opportunity. She has possibilities galore. For example:

In Aroostook County there is produced an Irish potato of exceptionally fine quality. The climatic conditions and the soil are unusually well suited to this vegetable.

Since 1900, through improved methods, the potato crop of Aroostook County has been increased fully 500 per cent., growing from four million bushels to about twenty-five million bushels. Through advertising, the peculiar desirability of these potatoes could be made known, and there seems no reason why they could not be pushed into a national demand.

In Eastport, there are eighteen sardine canning factories, which would do well to look to the extension of their product.

In Portland, there is the largest window screen factory in the world; but, great as is its production, we believe that with more advertising effort its output could be largely increased.

Yes, Maine has plenty of advertising opportunities—and she is waking to them. The Boards of Trade of her cities are busily urging her producers to progress. Expositions of her industries and products are being held to enthuse her people to greater industrial activity, and soon Maine will be noted for many more things besides being the "Vacation Land."

Advertising Headquarters is at her call. We have an office in Boston, and probably handle more New England accounts than any other half dozen agencies combined.

As an evidence of our ability to serve Maine clients we point to our work for the Old Town Canoe Company of Old Town. We have worked happily with this concern for many years, and we believe that to any interested inquirer it will give a good account of the service we have rendered. Advertising has been a stimulating force to the business of this client and any other Maine manufacturer with a worthy product can advertise it to advantage. That is, of course, if the advertising is intelligently conceived and conducted, as it has been for the Old Town Canoe Company. It is our business to supply such advertising, and on request we will gladly demonstrate how we can do it for other Maine industries.

We believe in Maine, and we are willing to back our faith with time and effort to show her manufacturers how to extend their markets.

Magic in Oklahoma

SINCE the Mayflower landed on Plymouth Rock this country has been pretty busy piling up population, prosperity and progress. That is, most of the country except Oklahoma.

The Oklahoma Mayflower didn't land till April 22, 1889. At noon on that day bugle blasts released 20,000 pioneers lined up on Oklahoma's borders. Before that hour white men could not legally hold Oklahoma land.

Don't think that because Oklahoma started late she stayed behind. No indeed. She has caught up with many states and passed some in points of population, prosperity and progress. It is only since 1907 that she got her second wind. In that year the east and west sides (as they are called there) got together and added a star to the flag.

Events move rapidly in Oklahoma. In four months after the opening, Guthrie had 5000 population with four daily newspapers and six banks. A certain church in a certain town occupied in quick succession a tent, a "lean-to," a frame church building and at last a handsome stone edifice. A family, a real estate man and a Chinese laundry actually occupied the first three locations immediately after the church left.

In Oklahoma City and other towns hundreds of families lived in tents while their houses were being built. Even up till six or seven years ago it was not uncommon to see night shifts working on skyscrapers! On every side you hear stories of men who came into the Oklahoma country with about two bits and retired with fortunes in a few years.

All of this is why an orthodox representation of Father Time won't do when he is depicted working through Oklahoma.

He has to be a premier prestidigitator instead of a plodding patriarch, wearing a wand instead of a scythe.

Oklahoma is known as a "good newspaper state." The papers as a rule are ably edited, holding the confidence and respect of their communities and exerting a powerful influence. They have achieved a remarkable advertising success in converting farmers to the necessity of increasing the acreage of dry land crops such as milo maize and kaffir.

Nature has sure branded Oklahoma with prosperity this year. Bales and bushels of dollars are being harvested in its cotton and corn fields. And with its gas and oil fields yielding at full blast, Oklahoma is slated for an industrial expansion that will make some of the more prominent Eastern States look to their laurels. Cheap fuel is beckoning many manufacturers to Oklahoma; abundance of raw materials is bringing others. The state is beginning to be able to count the value of its manufactured products as great as that of its agricultural production.

Oklahoma is a country of pioneers and its history reads like a romance. But there is more pioneering to be done by Oklahomans—it will be every bit as romantic and profitable as past pioneering. We speak of advertising pioneering.

Right now there are a few manufacturers and schools in Oklahoma that can profitably employ good advertising to a considerable extent. Their advantage in coming to N. W. Ayer & Son is to secure a service in which the pioneering has all been done—with the trails blazed, with the false paths, rocky roads and steep mountains all charted on the commercial map.

Our success in increasing the attendance of schools through the country should make an interesting story for Oklahoma schools. We will gladly tell it—write.



"They eat all they can, and what they can't, they tin."

Opulent Oregon

"**F**OR agricultural purposes," said Congressman McDuffie, in 1842, "I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory."

The learned gentleman was referring to Oregon—yet it has since been said that there is scarcely a grain, fruit, vegetable, grass, tree, plant or flower that grows in the United States or Europe which cannot, on some portions of the soil of Oregon, be raised to perfection.

Which is cited to prove that even Congressmen are not always right.

The equable climate of Oregon, and the rich soil of her splendid valleys make her one of our best agricultural states, but for further details in that particular we must refer you to the Government reports. Our space is limited and Oregon's products are quite the contrary.

All we can hope to accomplish here is to suggest some few of Oregon's opportunities to expand her trade and industries through advertising.

Take salmon, for instance. The magnificent Columbia River is the greatest salmon-producing stream in all the world. Of this Prince of Fishes it has been said that Oregonians "eat

all they can and what they can't, they can" (or *tin*, as the Englishman told it).

Thousands of tons of salmon are annually caught and canned in Oregon, and since artificial propagation has been solved there is little likelihood of a falling off in the supply.

And, mind you, this Columbia River salmon is the finest obtainable—yet nothing has been done to proclaim its superior merits through advertising. That's where Oregon has neglected a real opportunity.

While salmon is a staple food—one of the most nutritious of all edibles—the housewife has never been taught to call for it by a first name. She asks for a can of salmon, and she gets it—whether it is the best salmon she can buy she has no way of knowing.

Now there are lots of salmon canned in Washington and Alaska and Maine—more in Washington, really, than in Oregon—but if the Oregon canners will put the advertising behind their salmon, they can make it the standard with trade and consumer.

We should like the opportunity to discuss their advertising possibilities with some of Oregon's salmon canners.

We also see a great opportunity for Oregon canned vegetables and fruits, fresh and dried.

We haven't said a word about Oregon's noble forests and her great lumber industry. We haven't touched on her great mineral wealth, nor her wonderful stock-raising achievements; we can only devote a line to her practically unlimited water-power for the driving of great manufactories; we could write a book on her attractions for home-seekers.

It is only our purpose to let her know that we appreciate her for the great state she is; that we have carefully studied her possibilities, and that we are eagerly ready to help her people with the kind of advertising which will bring her to the manufacturing eminence to which she is so justly entitled.

With her superior natural endowments, if the Northwest had been settled first, she would have flourished even better than the Northeast, and with aggressive advertising she still has the opportunity to overcome the handicap of youth.

Where the Colonels Come From

WHICH one of us anywhere can plead "not guilty" to having tried to express, in bass, baritone or tenor, an intense yearning for our "old Ken-tuck-kee Ho-o-me far a-way-ie"?

Few of us ever had a Kentucky home, few of us ever will have one, but somehow Kentucky appeals to all of us as the Old Home State.

That's because Kentucky is homey and hospitable and genial and beautiful and restful—where your real Gentleman is not extinct, and poetry and romance and horse-racing and oratory and love-making are still *vogue*.

Of all Kentucky's products, the two finest (in which she leads the world) are Courtesy and Hospitality.

These two "commodities," of which the supply seems to sadly dwindle in our rough-and-tumble scramble for wealth, are the richest possessions any state or any man can boast.

With them, we really live and enjoy our commerce with our fellows. Without them, we are sordid, self-centered people, seeking our own ends and souring into unlovable loneliness.

It is not our province to write an essay on gentility; "Marse Henry" Watterson, whose gifted pen we have not, is the gentleman for that; but as business men writing to business men in the general interest of business, we may certainly emphasize the value of courtesy in our commercial life. The attraction of dealing with gentlefolk is the secret of success in many a great business.

But Kentucky has other things—very many others. Her rare natural beauty has been the inspiration of poets and song-

writers since her earliest days. It was in the cool depths of her sibilant forests that the great ornithologist—John J. Audubon—studied bird life and conceived the writings which gave us sympathy and understanding for our feathered friends.

Nature has not only lavished her beauties on this *Grande Dame* of states, but has blessed her with a soil astonishingly fertile.

From her great tobacco crops she sends out sweet solace to the men of the world. The very geniality and good-fellowship of Kentucky seem to go into her tobacco, and is thence transmitted by pipe to its smokers. So important and valuable is this crop that it has been the basis of war between growers and buyers which would furnish material for a shelf of romance.

Next in the order of her products come sweet corn and hemp, followed by practically every other grain, vegetable and fruit known to the writers of the Census Reports.

Webster might have given Kentucky as a definition of "plenty"—plenty of good people, good climate, good scenery, good land, good stock and good "eats."

But, if Kentuckians do not think it will take too much from their enjoyment of life to devote a little more attention to the extension of their opportunities they can have plenty *more*.

We can make our point best by citing the case of the Mammoth Cave. Time was when this great natural wonder was a famous visiting spot for travelers from everywhere. We had all read about it in the Fourth Reader, and in those salad days made it one of our ambitions to explore its mystic depths. Lots of us went there on our honeymoons, vacations and anniversaries.

But now most of us are going somewhere else. Why? Simply because other resorts and places of interest have been made better known and more attractive to us. How? Through advertising!

Sad to admit, it's a fickle, forgetful old world we are living in. The lover who goes away is all too often replaced by the one who stays on the job. The fine old house from which we



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used to buy through heredity and habit is forsaken for the fresh new house which keeps on keeping before us with its advertising.

This is the age of the megaphone—ADVERTISING—and Kentucky needs more of it.

Think what a chance she has. Plenty of raw products to manufacture and plenty of opportunity to manufacture almost anything.

Louisville's location is what Kaiser Bill would call strategic. It is known as "The Gateway City to the South." It is really a much wider gateway. Its trade channels could as easily flow North, East and West.

Louisville's present manufacturers (and there are many of them) should do more advertising, and more manufacturing should be done in Louisville and Kentucky at large.

The location is ideal. It but remains for men of courage and ideas to produce something the people want and advertise it into national sale.

Those present Kentucky manufacturers who seek to extend their territory nationally are invited to enlist the services of the undersigned National Advertising Agency which, while located in Philadelphia, does business with St. Louis, Denver and Boston advertisers as successfully as with those in its own home town.

We have helped and are helping Kentucky schools to proclaim their advantages—among others the Kentucky Military Institute, an old and well-known school for boys with the unique feature of a winter home in Florida which makes possible a whole school year outdoors. The Kentucky College for Women, a highly esteemed institution of Danville, is also numbered among our clients, and there are other schools in this state which could use our service to their profit.

A State That Is Just Being Born

SOMEbody said, "The West is growing old."

Idaho is a new state, admitted in 1890, but she is already old in her ways.

The fact is, Idaho began where other states had arrived after a hundred years of development.

Cross over the Bitter Root Mountains and go west through the great timber regions until the little stream you follow has grown into a great river, carrying tens of thousands of logs to the saw mills, and the country looks new.

So does any great forest and lumber country look new.

But go into the plains country, and you will find they have been operating machines, lighting, heating, cooking and ironing with electricity for a dozen years.

Pretty good indication of a new state's forwardness, you will agree.

Idaho reckons her advancement in multiples. You are not left to depend alone on the enthusiastic stories you get when you talk to Idaho people. The figures are easily verified by the Government census.

In 1909 the state's rough lumber product was ten times as great as in 1899. Her shingles four times as great. Dairy products seven times as great. Flour and mill products nearly four times as great. In these ten years, 1899 to 1909, her manufacturing interests, as a whole, had made an increase of 646 per cent.

That is the manufacturing item alone. It takes no account of the diversified farming—the grains, the valuable fruits—and



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the mines. They would tell the same story. For instance, we cite the 30,000 tons of beet sugar produced in the state in 1909.

There is inspiration in the quick development of the resources of this big state, tenth in area in the Union. Travel through Idaho's apple, apricot, cherry and peach orchards, and her grain fields, noting the fine lands alongside yet to be cultivated, and you get the impression that the state is just being born.

There is room in Idaho to do big things. The state has ten million acres of as good land as lies out of doors and plenty of water in her rivers to irrigate it. Her virile people are at it. The number of farms has increased 76 per cent. in ten years. Irrigation works to cost \$150,000,000 have been planned and approximately \$30,000,000 have been expended.

If you want to see how the state is multiplying values, we remind you that applying water to this Idaho land raises its price from a few dollars to several hundred dollars per acre. Remember, there are ten million acres of it and water in abundance to do the job.

* * * *

What has this passing glance at a prosperous new state got to do with Advertising Headquarters located in Philadelphia?

Idaho's time is coming. The superior Nampa apricots must be better known. Growers of luscious Twin Falls apples and peaches will wisely trade-mark their fruit and introduce it to the world. Then this National Advertising Agency and the people of Idaho will come into closer relations.

The quickening hand of advertising would be a great aid right now in putting good farmers on those ten million acres.

We are ready to extend the same well considered advertising services to Idaho interests that we are rendering people in other Western states. Our business is emphatically national. Correspondence invited.



"Grim Children of the Iron Age"

A State With Growing Pains

TALK about trouble! Mobile, Alabama, has certainly had her share. Her history, from the time of her settlement by the Sieur de Bienville, back in 1711, or thereabouts, till the more recent years, has been full of disasters.

She has the unique distinction of being a city over which the flags of five different governments have waved. This frequent shifting of ownership necessarily involved some little unpleasantness before the "Now Under New Management" sign was raised, and during these periods the atmosphere of the Gulf City was so full of arrows and buckshot that it was not favorably looked upon as a health resort.

To lend variety to her troubles, Mobile has been visited with fires, floods and pestilence—just one darn thing after another—till you'd think this Mother City of Alabama would be all tuckered out.

But not so—not *at all* so! She comes up smiling after every fresh trouble, and squares away again on her progressive course. If you could loiter to-day in one of Mobile's shady parks, whis-



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pered to by Gulf breezes and lulled by the sweet songs of birds; if you could meet her fine, optimistic people and watch the steady growth of her commerce, you would never think of her as a city which had suffered much.

There's a lesson for us all in the history of this rare old place. She has borne her tribulations with a smile and has come through them with head erect and determination undaunted—the Spartan mother of a vigorous state.

To quote a Mobile chronicler, she was “born in romance, baptized in fire, educated in commerce; her past is interesting, her present prosperous, while her future promises to surpass them both.” We look for great things from Mobile.

And Montgomery—“The Cradle of the Confederacy”—a worthy sister of Mobile! A city notable in the politics of the South and great in her industrial accomplishments; the home of Yancy, famous orator and statesman; the inauguration place of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States; the busy capital of a growing state, able to adjust herself, after the ravages of war, to the peaceful and successful pursuits of commerce.

Montgomery was founded by a New Englander, Samuel Dexter of Massachusetts, and was originally named “New Philadelphia.” Dexter, in parcelling out the town, reserved a fine site for the future State Capitol. Thirty years later his dream was realized and the present beautiful Capitol Building stands on Dexter's original site. Surely there is much in hope and optimism!

And so, to quote another Alabama historian who writes about Montgomery, “business enterprise has adapted itself to new surroundings. It is to-day a city of the New South. Far over the wide stretches of field and river float the long streamers of smoke, the banners of the modern army of industry.”

But Alabama has other children—sturdy and honorably stained with the smoke and sweat of toil. Birmingham and Bessemer, with their smoke-belching foundries and coke-pits red-eyed from sleepless fires—grim children of the iron age, sup-

plying the world with the sinews of construction, and feeding its engines with the heat of which power is born.

Birmingham is now frequently referred to as "the Pittsburgh of the South." We believe that, at the present rate of her progress in the iron and steel industry, it is quite within the realm of possibility that the phrase will in future years be reversed and Pittsburgh will be called "the Birmingham of the North."

This busy city has seen her manufacturing opportunities. Wrestling from her mines the raw material for factory equipment and power she is inducing the building of plants at the source of supply.

She is a worthy namesake of old Birmingham in England, whose great industries are famed throughout the world.

Alabama may well be proud of Birmingham. She is doing great things, and, with a continuance of the progressive effort which her people are displaying, her future as a leading manufacturing center of the country is assured.

Alabama has no cause to envy other states. Her vast wealth of coal and iron; her great crops of cotton and cereals; her timber-studded acres; her adequate veining of railroads; her fine Gulf port; her beautiful cities and progressive people—all these combine to make her great.

Another fine possession of Alabama is her newspapers. Both editorially and from a news standpoint they rank with the best of the country. The newspapers of the state are great factors in its upbuilding, and Alabama is especially strong in this element of expansion.

Add to the industrial accomplishments and possibilities of Alabama the vital thrill of advertising and she will rapidly flourish to still greater greatness. Advertising Headquarters is ready with the "thrill" when Alabama says the word.

The Granite State

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S greatest gift to the nation is health. Up among her "heaven-kissing" White Mountains thousands of people renew their strength and youth each summer, leaving about ten million dollars of outside money in the state every year.

Here, indeed, is "The Playground of the Nation" affording every joy that any soul with the love of out-o'-doors can crave, and presenting a scenic beauty which baffles even the descriptive genius of the clever writers of railroad literature.

But you know all this, just as you know that New Hampshire was the native state of Daniel Webster, who did *not* write the dictionary.

Perhaps you also know that New Hampshire was the originator of Old Home Week, which has come to be a national institution, and that she is the National Headquarters of the "Hay Fever" Association during the sneezing season.

However, there are other and more important things about New Hampshire which are known to all too few of us.

Most people mentally see New Hampshire as an audience at the theater sees the drop curtain. The audience views a gorgeous scenic effect without any idea of the activities going on behind the scene. We outsiders consider New Hampshire scenically, and know very little of her commercial activities.

Few of us know that there is located in Manchester the largest cotton goods manufactory in the United States. This concern employs over 16,000 workers and operates 620,000 spindles. There are many other great textile industries in New Hampshire whose goods are well known to the trade, but not to the consumer.

Who considers New Hampshire as a great shoe-producing

state? Manchester ranks fifth among our cities in this line, with an annual output of footwear valued at \$20,000,000.

Why should we not know Manchester shoes as well as those of Brockton?

Fine blankets are manufactured in New Hampshire, but we have never been taught to prefer to sleep under them or given a name by which to call for them. New York, however, successfully markets trade-marked sheetings.

Up in Concord there is what is stated to be the largest express wagon works in the world. Nashua boasts a great ice cream freezer industry, and throughout "The Granite State" there are other large manufactories in many staple lines.

The South advertises its cypress and California pushes her redwood—is it too dreamy to imagine that New Hampshire could successfully advertise her granite to architects and builders? There is none finer or worthier to go into our homes and public buildings.

Here is a state which ranks high in the total value of her manufactured products, yet by the general mass of us she is looked upon only as a good place to spend the summer.

New Hampshire needs to take the country behind her scenery. She needs advertising. Her manufacturers should make the worth of their products generally known and give them names by which they may be called for.

Advertising Headquarters stand ready to guide them in the ways of publicity and sales expansion as successfully as it is guiding other manufacturers in all parts of the country.



Nevada Gets Her Second Wind

HARDLY anybody lived in Nevada when we got the territory from Mexico in 1848. Next year the Forty-niners stalked over her plains, not even hesitating, in their grand rush to California.

Ten years later, such fabulous wealth was discovered in the Comstock lode as has never been known in the history of the world, with the possible exception of the Rand in South Africa. Five years more and they were erecting the territory into a state, and the Government quickly established its mint at Carson City to coin the gold and silver. Incidentally, that was along about the time this National Advertising Agency got going.

Three hundred million dollars out of a single mine! Five hundred millions out of one camp! Such sums would make even great old warring nations with overgrown bond issues stop and take notice. Virginia City, with 600 miles of workings underneath her—shafts, drifts, tunnels and stopings—became almost overnight the leading city, except one, west of the Rocky Mountains.

Those were the good old days when they had “a man for breakfast every morning.” Nevada was then the “wild and woolly West,” but she was piling up gold and silver bullion in her gulches like cordwood to increase the per capita money of the world.

Then came the slump.

It seemed as if Nevada's greatness had forever departed.

Her mineral wealth "petered out," or was thought to have "petered out." Her mining population left her almost as rapidly as it came. At the 1900 census there were perhaps a hundred cities in the country, each with a greater population than the entire state of Nevada. Politicians and statesmen were talking of states that were "rotten boroughs," and Nevada furnished the example.

* * * *

But Nevada came back.

At the 1910 census she had almost doubled her 1900 population. She came with new people, new plans, new energies and new industries. She is not as spectacular as she was in the famous 60's and 70's, but she has a permanence which was a stranger to her in the olden days.

Nevada has got her second wind in mining, but she does not now depend on mining alone. Her prosperity is rooted deep in agriculture, in fruit and vegetable growing, in stock raising and in numberless small manufacturing enterprises.

Nevada has an annual rainfall of but 12 inches, while it can rain 6 inches in a day in Missouri. But irrigation is turning barren wastes into fine farms.

The Government's Truckee-Carson irrigation project covers 350,000 acres. Wherever water can be had, the sunshine and fertile soil bring bumper crops of grain, potatoes, peas, beans, sweet potatoes and corn. Her plains lie low. The climate in her southern end is semi-tropical and cotton and excellent figs are grown.

Has Nevada anything to advertise? Yes. For instance, Nevada figs should be nationally known. The tonic properties of her mountain air should be capitalized. Beautiful Lake Tahoe, and others, higher than the tops of the Alleghenies, should become famous in song and story.

We are not strong on singing at Advertising Headquarters, but we are ready to tell the story of Nevada's attractions in a way to turn them to account.



Taciturn Tennessee

THE virtue of modesty as a commercial asset is a mooted question. There's no slightest doubt of the dollars and cents value of the modest violet—let him who buys them in the dead of winter attest that statement. But—violets never brought two-fifty a bunch until somebody carried them up out of the field and put them behind a plate glass window pane, thereby making them wholly desirable.

To know anything about what "Taciturn Tennessee" is and does, has been and gives rich promise of becoming, you must even go down into "Taciturn Tennessee" and root it out for yourself. Then, belike, you'll some time make your way down a shady old street of a shady old town and find yourself considering with speculative eye the possible reason for preserving such a ramshackle little old shop as the one before you, with its little old jagged sign bearing the inscription—"A. Johnson, Tailor." Not until you go farther and are confronted with an imposing monument towering skyward and inscribed "To Andrew Johnson, President of the United States," do you get the connection.

Tennessee—and Andrew Johnson, why of course! And now that you come to think of it, also Andrew Jackson. Likewise James Knox Polk. Tennessee—mother of three Presidents, all holding their positions of trust through some of the most trying years known to the strenuous early history of the country!

On further search it transpires that Presidents are not the only products of her rock-ribbed mountains that Tennessee has sent to the White House. Some of the exquisite marbles which grace the capitol building, notably the magnificent staircase,

came from the Tennessee quarries, which export great quantities about the country yearly. Authorities tell us there is no more beautiful building material in all the world than this glowing pink marble which has given Tennessee third place among marble producing states.

Modern architecture calls for the use of plenty of marble and doubtless plenty more of it would be used if the beauty of this blushing Tennessee variety were made known. First place is not a very far cry from third place.

Memphis, greatest cotton market in the world, has done much to develop the cotton industry throughout the entire South. Though she was pitifully scourged by the yellow plague from 1870 to 1880, closing all her places of business for months every year, after the storm had passed she reared her head again right royally and pursued her progressive course.

That Tennessee was a seething center of warfare in other years is beyond question when we recall such names as Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga. That Tennessee required a long convalescence to recover from the storm of shot and shell that broke over her is quite natural. That Tennessee should live in her past and permit it to hide from the world her avowedly praiseworthy progress in commercial affairs is unthinkable.

Tennessee has much to contribute to the comforts, the luxuries, the necessities of her sister states. It is true that the vast stillness of the mountains may have fostered the habit of silence in her people. And the habit of silence may be responsible for the absence of the habit of advertising in Tennessee. Tennessee's progress has been remarkable. She is even unique in certain lines of manufacture. Bristol, for example, was one of the few cities to which we could turn for dyestuffs when the war cut off our foreign supply. Bristol is also the home of the Reynolds Corporation, whose cleansers and polishes are brightening up the country pretty generally—a happy condition which Ayer advertising has helped to bring about.

Tennessee has a number of large hosiery mills which have developed a considerable business, but no determined and con-



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sistent advertising effort to establish these goods in permanent national favor has been made.

At present, due to heavy war orders, these factories are working overtime. However, they need not be dependent upon a quarrel between King and Kaiser to keep their business booming, if they will apply the right kind of advertising to their product.

Nashville, founded in 1780 as "the advance guard of western civilization," has justified her prophets. She is rapidly becoming the recognized center for higher and professional education in the South, with schools that generously merit the publicity of careful advertising. Knoxville, Chattanooga, Sewanee, all have more than their share of more than commonly good educational institutions, proving conclusively the truth of a statement of the United States Bureau of Education—that wherever the first settlers of Tennessee went, they carried a log schoolhouse.

The log schoolhouses of the advertising branches of Tennessee's education seem to have been a bit neglected—owing perhaps in part to a native modesty—and in part to the fact that the growth of the children is never quite so apparent to Mother, as to those somewhat farther away.

Tennessee's commercial and industrial children are growing. We have no modesty which prevents our publishing that fact to the wide, wide world. We would like the honor of taking those children separately under our care and assisting them to develop all their native power. Tennessee, Mother of statesmen *and* Davy Crockett—in the days "When Men Grew Tall," you sent more than your share of big men into the ranks! So, we remind you that we are looking to you to produce commercial giants also, and we ask nothing better than to be called in to assist you in your process of development.



Where Advertising Tastes Agree

MINNESOTA believes in advertising. In that she is by no means unique. But the fact that most of her advertisers believe in the same kind of advertising certainly gives her a peculiar claim to distinction.

We might almost say that Minnesota manufacturers have a standard recipe for advertising. Take one large illustration, write a few words of copy, beautifully engrave and print in colors on a cover page.

Whether it be flour, breakfast food or underwear, practically the same process is followed, with the result that while Minnesota advertising is beautiful and striking, it is nearly all alike.

Other advertisers believe that such advertising is for the billboards which must be quickly glimpsed. They take the opportunity in their magazine publicity to argue the merits of their products, but Minnesota advertisers seem to think that what is good for the boards is also good for the magazines.

There's no question about the artistic beauty of Minnesota advertising as a whole, but having attained a sort of commonplaceness of excellence, we do question whether each individual Minnesota advertiser gets his greatest possible share of the returns.

It would seem especially desirable that the advertising of manufacturers in the same line should be different. Yet the similarity of Minnesota advertising is particularly noticeable in that of her flour mills. It is hardly wise to rely on the beauty or cleverness of a picture alone to influence a consumer's preference



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—especially if a competitor is publishing pictures of equal effectiveness.

In our humble opinion Minnesota advertising, good as it unquestionably is, could be diversified to the decided advantage of the advertisers.

Now, a word about Minnesota flour. The magnitude of her production of this staple is, we believe, but slightly appreciated. Minneapolis alone possesses twenty-three flour mills with a daily capacity of seventy-five thousand barrels or more. Figured by the year, these mills furnish material for about four billion loaves of white bread.

A great percentage of the flour of Minnesota goes to the consumer indirectly via the loaf of bread, and the amount of flour bought by the housewife for domestic use is only a small part of the total production.

Would it not seem, then, that the advertising of these flour manufacturers, which is almost entirely directed to the consumer, is neglecting an important field?

How about educating the baker to the advantages of supplying his customers with bread baked with a certain kind of flour?

We have no patent schemes to propose in this connection. However, a great yeast manufacturer with whom we are associated and who has peculiar problems in dealing with the baker and the housewife, tells us that we have rendered great assistance in helping to solve these problems.

And so we have been thinking that we might be very helpful to some of Minnesota's flour manufacturers in this direction.

In devoting so much of our space to the advertising of Minnesota and her flour industry, we have denied ourselves the opportunity to adequately treat of her manifold products and varied manufacturing accomplishments.

Her lumber products alone, in which she is one of our leading states, make her wealthy, totaling an annual value of forty odd millions of dollars.

She is a greater packer of meats than most of us realize,

her resources in this line yielding many millions of dollars annually.

In dairy products Minnesota ranks high, standing among the leaders in her butter output, and as a producer of iron ore she holds first place.

Printing and publishing holds an important place among Minnesota's industries. Between 1899 and 1909 this business increased nearly one hundred per cent, and it is steadily on the gain.

The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis form the metropolitan center of the Northwest. These two cities combined have a population exceeding half a million, and in their progressive vigor they are not surpassed by any American cities. Altogether, Minnesota is a great and growing state, with as many uncultivated as cultivated opportunities. Her potentialities are only limited by her enterprise, and we believe that she has the enterprise to finally take advantage of all that she has to offer the world.

There are many large advertisers in Minnesota, and many others who are in the growing stage. The success that these manufacturers have gained through publicity should be a stimulus to others to join their ranks. There are any number of latent advertising possibilities in this great state, and Advertising Headquarters would like the opportunity to nurture them.

We are well equipped to serve any Minnesota concern advertisingly. We have the experience which enables us to intelligently tackle the problems in all lines of merchandising, and our Chicago office forms a quick and sympathetic point of contact.

“Mother of States and of Statesmen”

WE overheard a man say recently that Virginia was not much of a producer. “No?” thought we, “we wonder if you know that Virginia came pretty close to producing the United States?”

By her resolution against the Stamp Act, Virginia made the first move toward producing the revolution against British rule, which finally resulted in the freedom of our country.

Virginia also produced the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence. She also declared her independence before any of the colonies and gave the first written constitution to mankind.

George Washington, the Father of his Country, was another Virginia product; likewise Thomas Jefferson, the Father of Democracy, which has made us the greatest nation in the world.

We should say that Virginia has done fairly well, all things considered, and while she may not have been very busy making money, she has been tremendously occupied in making it possible for other states to exist and prosper.

“She cherishes tender memories of brave men and gracious women”—to us that seems the finest tribute that was ever paid a state. “Brave men and gracious women”—may heaven prolong the strain!

But there’s a library of books full of Virginia history. Study it to know the full pride of being an American—we must hasten to other things.

Advertising was responsible for Virginia’s beginning, and she had a great advertising promoter in Sir Walter Raleigh. He was the father of all the tobacco advertising which fills the mag-

azines to-day. So effective was his publicity that even till now our English cousins buy Virginia tobacco as something extra choice.

Richmond had its beginning from an advertisement of “Lots for Sale” published by Evelyn Byrd in the *Virginia Gazette*, back in April, 1737.

Richmond! There’s a place to really live in—“full of good feeding, breeding and fellowship,” and according to Thackeray, “the merriest place and the most picturesque I have seen in America.”

And, by the way, you who look on Virginia as backward might do well to make a mental note that Richmond was among the first, if not the very first American city to be lighted with gas.

Now that Virginia has borne the brunt of making it possible for all of you other states to prosper commercially, she has the time to turn her aristocratic hands to toil.

She has the soil to grow almost everything. She has the waterways and railways to bring her products to market.

Lynchburg is already a great shoe manufacturing center. Only four other cities in the country outrank her in the production of shoes. Lynchburg also has the largest dark loose leaf tobacco market in the world and one of the largest flour mills in the country; she ranks second in the South in the manufacture of cast iron pipe and leads all Dixie in the distribution of wagons and buggies.

All over Virginia signs of progress are in evidence. She’s coming along in fine style, and we venture to assert that she will in the future be famous not only as “The Mother of Statesmen,” but as the mother of great business men as well.

We already have the honor of acting as the advertising counsellors of some of her well-known manufacturers, as well as thirty-five of her leading educational institutions—and our arms are open to all of her industries which seek to grow.

The Blue Ribbon Agricultural State

SOME years ago during the visit of an eminent foreign dignitary to this country, the late James G. Blaine was asked how the distinguished guest might best be given a vivid, lasting impression of our land. Mr. Blaine replied, "Take him through the state of Iowa in the daytime."

If that great statesman were living to-day, he would have no reason to retract this statement; for from the time that Mr. Iowa Farmer wrested the land from the redskins, the Hawkeye State has been typically American. Agriculture is paramount in American activities, and tilling the soil is Iowa's long suit.

Agriculture and Iowa are to all intents and purposes synonymous. From where the Mississippi forms the Napoleonic profile of Iowa on the east, to where the muddy Missouri flows by her back-door bluffs on the west, Iowa is a never ending panorama of rolling hills covered with corn, wheat, oats, grazing cattle and still more corn. For of all the great Northwestern states, which are now more than ever the place from which the world's breakfast comes, Iowa is the Ben Adhem of the bunch and justly deserves the sobriquet, "The Blue-Ribbon State," so aptly bestowed upon her by one of her large agricultural publications.

Iowa ranks first in the production of corn and oats and in the value of the horses, hogs and poultry within her borders. She outranks all other commonwealths in the amount invested in farm machinery. She stands second in the production of hay, the value of her beef cattle, farm buildings, farm property and the area of her improved farm land. She leads in annual revenue per farm.

If a hole thirteen-sixteenths of an inch in diameter were bored straight through this terrestrial ball from Sioux City to Siam, Hy Clymer, of Iowa, could dig down into his jeans and ante up enough jitneys from his 1914 profits and farm valuation to plug that hole with a solid core, if he so elected.

He has the wherewithal, as shown by the fact that Iowa stands third among the states in bank deposits. He isn't a bit averse to spending it for what he wants. Proof of this is the fact that one out of every ten automobiles sold in the United States in the past year was purchased by an Iowan. Iowa goes in strong for electrical utilities, talking machines, jewelry; in short, all the modern conveniences and luxuries, as well as the necessities. Hy Clymer and wife want everything looking spick and span, everything up-to-date.

Run-down-at-the-heel farms are almost as much of a rarity in Iowa as are icebergs in the Indian Ocean.

Iowa is the most intelligent commonwealth in the Union, boasting the lowest percentage of illiteracy (1 9-10 per cent.) of any commonwealth. This is largely responsible for the growth of her exceptionally good newspapers and excellent agricultural publications that unite to cover the state as the waving corn covers her rolling hills. It is a remarkable fact that three such publications as *Iowa Homestead*, *Wallace's Farmer* and *Successful Farming* should be published in one community. The growth of the latter paper is a monument to its publisher, Mr. E. T. Meredith, whose name looms large among Iowa's prominent citizens.

Iowa is doing big things in the production of women's underwear, men's work-shoes, children's garments, sleeping garments and sunbonnets. Her wonderful State Agricultural College at Ames is turning out scientific farmers and teaching her daughters the knack of making puddings and patching quilts, accomplishments equally as important as playing a hand at "bridge" or interpreting Beethoven. Waterloo Engines, Burlington Baskets and Hercules Stump Pullers are well known, but who has heard of "Cedar Rapids Corn Flakes," "Council Bluffs



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Canned Goods," "Keokuk Corn Starch" or "Muscatine Bacon and Lard"?

Iowa is sending an immense amount of raw materials to neighboring states to be made into finished products. Enterprising, wide-awake manufacturers in other states are marketing these trade-marked articles in enormous quantities, profiting by the prestige created for them and building up great industries affording a livelihood to thousands of workers. They are "carrying corn flakes, corn starch and canned corn to Iowa" and Iowa is paying the price while outsiders reap the benefit.

Iowa needs one thing to complete the alliterative combination of three "P's." She has Prosperity and Progress. She needs far more *Publicity*. It is well-nigh inexplicable that so wide-awake and up-to-date a state has thus far employed this great modern force to so comparatively small a degree.

With Iowa's strategic location in "The Heart of the Corn Belt," as *Successful Farming* puts it, her admirable transportation facilities by river and rail, her nearness to the sources of raw materials, she is in a position to develop large manufacturing interests and make what she has to offer known the nation over. One achievement, the great Keokuk power dam which cost twenty million dollars, may be cited as an instance of what Iowa has done to attract new manufactories and stimulate the growth of those which she has. It was the privilege of Advertising Headquarters to have shared in this great enterprise in the preparation of the campaign of publicity which preceded the completion of the project.

"Cedar Rapids Suits Me—It Will Suit You" has become a familiar slogan. Des Moines is not a whit behind her sister cities in this respect. This city, probably the largest in the country to "go dry on its own hook," is very properly the capital of this wonderful state. The gilded dome of the State Capitol towers above as progressive, optimistic, hustling and justly proud a city as can be found in the Union. The comprehensive improvements now under way will make Des Moines one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Where is there a market with possibilities for good mer-

chandise greater than prosperous, progressive, intelligent Iowa? Where is there a more fertile field for the liberal use of consistent, persistent, red-blooded advertising that can't help being resultful in the richest measure? Conditions are ideal for development from the embryonic stages down through the swaddling-clothes period of local advertising to the full-grown robustness of national advertising.

Indisputably there have been and are now in Iowa full many enterprises with great advertising possibilities, that have been "born to blush unseen" through the want of the great modern force—Publicity. We, of Advertising Headquarters, with our years of experience in advertising everything from flower seeds to motor cars, can lutherburbank these potentially great prospects into the full bloom of success that is the portion of those concerns offering nationally sold, nationally known reputable merchandise.

As to our knowledge of Iowa and local campaigns, our good friends, Messrs. Tone Bros., of Des Moines, with whom we have worked pleasurably and profitably for a term of years, helping in the development of their great spice business, will, we feel sure, bear witness. The scope of our national business and diversity of our clientele is the best recommendation of our ability to help in building wisely and well.

Picks and Shovels Have Made an Empire Out of a White Elephant

SPEAKING about a "white elephant on your hands"—fancy having a million acres of *arid* land placed to your credit—with conditions! Bunch grass and sagebrush, barren rocks and sparse scrub timber, with impassable mountains around it and war-whooping Indians spread over it. It takes courage to face a Christmas gift of that kind.

But even arid land has its possibilities. So, when Congress allotted a million acres of it to Montana provided she would put it in condition for cultivation, was Montana discouraged? Not a bit of it. She looked over the bunch grass and the sagebrush and the barren rock and the sparse scrub timber, then put her ear to the ground Indianwise and, hearing in the distance the roar of her mighty snow-fed streams, Montana smiled. "Just wait a bit," she said, and the sequel has been well worth the waiting.

Taking possession of her gift, Montana turned her population loose with pick and shovel. Soon the great rivers were sending little life-giving streams trickling through the parched soil in all directions and presently Montana began to gather her crops and trundle them off to market. Thus her ungainly white elephant was transformed into a domestic animal of inestimable usefulness.

Meanwhile, such of Montana's picks and shovels as were not digging irrigation ditches, were kept pecking away at the sides of her mountains, whose interior revealed a mass of treasure unsurpassed by any Arabian Nights' tale.

What Montana has accomplished has been done quickly. Scarcely more than a short quarter-century ago she did not "belong." But Montana has performed gigantic feats. Harnessing

*Picks and Shovels Have Made an Empire
Out of a White Elephant*



at will the rushing torrents that tumble down through her mountains, she has made electricity her plaything, and staid government reports give her credit for the "electrification of everything, from sweeping and cooking to the operation of railways, mines, mills, and factories." Montana is nothing if not modern. Her homes are electrically lighted and her engines electrically driven.

"Modern Montana" is the state of potentialities—the state with a future as big as her own vast proportions. Millions of acres for grazing, where sheep and cattle develop uncommon weight. Millions of acres of farm lands where one year so many sugar beets were grown that 12,000 freight cars were needed and a car and coal famine resulted. Mineral wealth that is inexhaustible. Millions of acres of forests crossed by powerful streams—with, staring us in the face, an insistent and ever increasing demand for more pulp products and more tons of paper. The abundance of Montana's good spruce must soon find its way into Montana pulp and paper mills for the good of the nation as well as the home state.

Montana is one of those great bodies whose size is almost a hindrance. Assemble in one place all of New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland—or join together the British Islands—and you have the acreage of Montana.

When all of Montana gets into her stride it will be like the mountains themselves coming to Mohammed. But when that inevitable time arrives, we shall be waiting at Advertising Headquarters with plans big enough, we trust, to do honor to the big Montana affairs that we hope to have given into our charge.



“The Brothers Dakota”

IN the brilliant drama of the states, that had its inception in 1776 with an amateur cast of thirteen, there has been unfolded from time to time vivid scenes or startling acts of adventure, conquest, civilization, progress, manufacture, farming, merchandising, statesmanship, science, art and literature that have won the plaudits of the world.

The company enacting this wonderplay has been added to from time to time and now boasts of a well rounded-out cast of 48 stars.

Not all have had the good fortune to play the leading rôle—a few are yet to be heard from. We predict right here that when “The Brothers Dakota” step to the center of the stage, with all their wonderful natural talent and resources, their debut will mark another epoch in the history of these United States.

When these two versatile actors first associated with this world-famous galaxy of stars, they were naturally cast for villainous parts owing to their "bad injun" proclivities, but under the careful guidance of those masters of stagecraft—Generals Custer and Miles—they soon developed into twin "Strong-hearts."

It won't be long now before their names will be in bold-faced type on the program, and in electric lights over the entrance.

There is just one thing lacking before the "day-boo" of the Dakotas in the stellar rôle is possible, and that is population. Nature has been lavish in her generosity by endowing the Dakotas with limitless resources that are fairly shrieking for development. The possibilities of this vast area are wonderful. Think of a territory of over 94,000,000 acres occupied by about 1,400,000 people. Perhaps you can get a better conception if we say that were the Dakotas apportioned among their population, there would be about seventy acres to each person, while in the City of New York there are fifty people to each acre.

"You need North Dakota, North Dakota needs you" is a slogan that could and should be taken seriously by thousands of people in the United States, and it refers to Brother South Dakota as well as Brother North. Some of those fifty-to-the-acre in New York City could profit by a better knowledge of this northwest country.

But how are they to know? Who is going to tell them how, with practically a handful of people, you produced 113,166,000 bushels of wheat, 109,265,000 bushels of oats, 92,000,000 bushels of corn, 47,825,000 bushels of barley, 12,258,000 bushels of potatoes, 9,455,000 bushels of flax, to say nothing of fruits, vegetables, dairy and poultry products, live stock, wool, hides, minerals and stone?

Where are your booster clubs, your chambers of commerce, your land owners—yes, your state governments themselves—that they are not spreading the wonderful story of the Dakotas to secure the much-needed population that will place the Da-



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kotas in their proper niche in the Hall of Fame of the United States?

How are people to know that the richest 100 square miles on the globe is right in your midst? Why don't you take advantage of the 500,000,000,000 tons of lignite coal your land is underlaid with and promote your manufacturing possibilities?

Surely it would mean a lot to some people to know that the per capita wealth of North Dakota is larger than any other state in the Union, or that for the past twelve years South Dakota has ranked first in the production of new wealth per capita.

Why don't you advertise? There! it's out! You knew we were going to talk advertising, because that's our business. We didn't promise we wouldn't, but you should listen—and make advertising your business. That's the way to tell your story broadcast—tersely and economically.

Oh, sure, advertising for population has been done before, but we at Advertising Headquarters feel that the best has not yet been done. We think we have a few tricks up our sleeve, not quite so theatric as the phrase just used, but just as efficacious, and perhaps just as startling as the "Great Kellar's."

And there are your state schools with their prodigious endowments of land that represent invested school funds of \$125,000,000 and \$50,000,000.

Why not spread the story of the Dakotas through pupils coming from other states? Why not keep these same pupils when graduated to help swell that needed population? We are at present placing about 80 per cent. of the school advertising done in this country.

Our clients are numerous and extend from New Mexico to Maine. Their products are as diversified as the manufactures of this country. Our experience with so large and diversified clientele has pre-eminently equipped us to handle the advertising needs of the Dakotas to-day—and to-morrow.

The State That Found a Better Way

THERE seems to be a multitude of cases to prove that Vermont has found a way of doing things far in advance of the average, but probably the most unique instance was the way the Vermonters settled upon a new name for Wildersburg, a quarter-century ago.

That name did not please the townsfolk because "it had ever sounded uncouthly and long," so the records run. Interest being about equally divided between "Holden" and "Barre" as a substitute, they hit upon a boxing match as an original method of settling the dispute. It so happened that the "Barre" champion won and "Barre" the town has been ever since, now famous as the world's leader in the manufacture of granite.

Going back to the days before the Revolution, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys believed there was a better way than King George's method of governing their part of the world, and "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," they proceeded to carry out their belief. So, after quelling all sorts of internal and external disturbances, Vermont was the first state to be added to the original thirteen.

To the vast majority it never occurs that there must be a better way of doing most of the things we have to do. But many of the exceptions to that rule have come from Vermont.

If it had not been for Thaddeus Fairbanks, we might still be trying to weigh a ton of hay or a battleship by the old "steel yards" method. Thaddeus Fairbanks went into the hemp business in 1824 and decided that it was a pesky nuisance to weigh all his hemp after the manner then in vogue. So, he set out to find a better way. Inside of six years he had perfected



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his platform scale and patented it. For which notable achievement he was knighted by the Emperor of Austria, and now all the peoples of the earth abide by the standards of the Fairbanks Scales of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Dean Richmond was not entirely satisfied with the mode of travel which prevailed in his early days. He believed there must be a better way than rumbling ponderously up hill and down dale in the old stage coach rolling on its leathers. Thus the great New York Central Railroad was founded by Dean Richmond of Vermont, where those first railroads followed assiduously the old crooked Indian trails.

Alvin Adams knew there must be a better way than freight by which to transport packages, and the famous Express Company which bears his name is the living illustration of Alvin Adams' "better way."

In the industrial world there are many examples of Vermont's superior achievements.

At Brattleboro they have mastered the art of making pipe organs the "better way," and Estey Organs are making music for all nations.

In Burlington, the Wells Richardson Company's Diamond Dyes have taught the women of every country a better way to economy and good taste in dress.

Vermont's manufacturers have evidently inherited from their ancestors the spirit which never surrenders the banner to opponent or competitor. They are walking away with the colors in many an industrial field, and the only point lacking is the publicity which makes world-wide the story of each superior Vermont product.

We rise merely for a point of information—Can Advertising Headquarters do anything to help spread the fame of Vermont's "better way"?

A State of Expectancy

BACK in 1900 a chronicler of Mississippi wrote: "When the Isthmian Canal shall have been constructed, the ports on the Gulf will be nearer the Orient than the ports on the Atlantic, and unusual impulse will be given to manufactures and agriculture."

Well, Miss Mississippi, the Canal is in operation—are you making good the prophecy of your chronicler?

You should; the opportunity is all yours; you have every basis for commercial growth.

You have as good people as populate the earth anywhere; people who have proved their energy and courage in the stress and strain of war; people who in peace have all those qualities which make for enterprise in business; people of breeding and capability to cultivate the good feeling which goes so far toward making customers.

Agriculturally, you have no other state to envy. Your farmer, who loses himself amid his cotton stalks—horse-high and boll-laden—who watches his corn, oats, wheat, rice, sugar cane and alfalfa spring magically from his fertile soil, has every facility for natural production.

The importance of your cotton crop can be partially realized when it is known that you have collected as much as \$90,000,000 in a single year for the lint and seed.

Cotton is King, but Queen Corn is developing into a husky contestant for the throne held so long by the hoary-headed monarch. This year you will harvest over 70,000,000 bushels of corn and pocket about \$50,000,000 for it. When we stop to consider that this is more than double your crop of six years ago, we marvel the more at your still latent agricultural possibilities.

Your verdant fields are dotted with "lowing kine"; the



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braying of your three hundred thousand mules would, just now, sound better to Kaiser Wilhelm than all the Grand Opera he ever listened to, and the contented grunts of your two million hogs give blessed assurance of a well-stocked smokehouse, with plenty to spare for market.

There is a hungry market for your yellow pine, in the production of which you rank third among our states.

You have thriving cities—Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Columbus, Greenville, Meridian and Aberdeen—and many live towns with bright futures.

You have good schools and newspapers; good transportation facilities and good reason everywhere for growth and increasing prosperity.

You have strong inducements for manufacturers, not only of your raw products, but of articles which are indigenous to anywhere that creative brains and enterprising capital exist.

It's up to you, Mississippi! You have every opportunity to grow and establish yourself among the richest states of the Union. Will you do it?

We believe you will, and we are willing to invest our time in studying the problems of any of your present manufacturers who wish to know how to harness up Advertising to speed them along in their race for success. We have helped many other southern manufacturers to spread the demand for their products far beyond the limits of their home states.

Wyoming, the Greatest Show on Earth

WHOEVER has not seen Buffalo Bill and his Wild West has missed the greatest moving picture of frontier life ever produced. Buffalo Bill and his Wild West typify Wyoming. This state of unwritten romance, of wild life and reckless daring has indeed been advertised by its loving friend. Buffalo Bill came out of Wyoming and led the Greatest Show on Earth all over the United States and Europe.

Just to show how well fixed Wyoming is in the matter of shows, we mention that she keeps two other "Greatest Shows on Earth" going at home—The Yellowstone Park in the northwest corner and Frontier Day in the southeast corner. At all these shows, advertising gets in its work, which shows how it pays to advertise a good thing.

The advertising man feels at home in Wyoming. The state is plastered all over with trade marks, or brands, which mean the same thing as trade marks in Wyoming. The cowboys have not only branded the cattle, but they have given to Wyoming's streams, valleys, hills and ranches such a romantic nomenclature as is to be found in no other state. Sometimes it's a painful operation to make the brand big and showy so everybody must see it, but Wyoming knows it pays.

Put on your chaps and spurs and take a little run from the **2=X** (Two Double Bar X) Ranch over to Old Man Hill's Hangout. It's only twenty-four miles—a three-hour trip for the bronc—and the way is down Wild Cat Creek, along the Crazy Woman, over Wagon Hound Divide to No Mouth Creek, then across Chugwater Flats to the Little Big Horn, and there you



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are! This is an imaginary journey, but typical Wyoming names. The cowboys have burned them in for keeps.

The advertising man feels at home in Wyoming for another reason. They've taken our good old motto, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," and adopted it for their own. They have shortened it up to read "Git Thar," but the meaning is the same. Wyoming takes short cuts. She is not tied down by conventionalities, not afraid to try a new thing. She "gits thar" in her own way.

In all of which we agree with Wyoming. We learned long ago in the advertising business that there is no one way—no cut and dried or stereotyped way. We give Wyoming greeting, and say, "go ahead, make your own way."

Wyoming is blessed with Woman Suffrage. Women hold state and county offices, serve on juries and have all the other rights and privileges thereunto appertaining in about as full measure as could be desired. But here appears the necessity for some judicious advertising. The state is short of women.

Turning from politics, they farm some in Wyoming, dig some anthracite and other coal, produce some oil and gas and mine a few of the one hundred and fifty-six varieties of minerals the state boasts. But it's sheep we want to talk about. Let us pass on over Wyoming's several hundred thousand cattle and horses and come to sheep.

Wyoming is *some* on sheep and *some* on wool. Here is where she makes the other states sit up and take notice that she is on the map. A loud noise is heard out that way whenever Schedule "K" is considered in Congress. Her five million fleeces do look golden. But Wyoming lets go too soon.

The great clip finds its way into lofts in big cities, Chicago to Boston. That is where the Philadelphia and Fall River mills go to look for wool. Wyoming's men, women and children wear good woolen clothes, but it's a long way around from the shearing sheds to the made-up garments in Wyoming's stores.

We shall not indulge in pipe dreams for Wyoming, but we do not doubt she will some day look into the glass and see her-

self manufacturing wool. Then she will come into her own. Advertising cannot help the sheep herder much, but when Wyoming goes to making things out of wool, she will find advertising the key to unlock her true greatness.

It's a far cry, but one can easily imagine Wyoming standing with Massachusetts, upholding the manufacturing end of the wool industry instead of confining herself to the production of raw materials.

Wool is a sufficient basis for a state's prosperity. We have helped to popularize scores of things made of wool, and hope to perform such a service for Wyoming people some day. We are not too far away to see all over Wyoming and appreciate her vantage points and her needs. We have clients in the Rocky Mountain states, and clients farther West. Our latchstring is on the outside for Wyoming.

When West Virginia Gets Well Warmed Up

IN 1771 Thomas Jefferson, returning to the Old Dominion after a journey into the wilds adjacent to the headwaters of the Ohio River, told of a "burning spring" in the Kanawha Valley, in what is now West Virginia. That wasn't the first evidence of things warming-up in West Virginia, for as early as 1732 the venturesome Scotch-Irish settlers from Old Virginia and Pennsylvania crossed the mountains and started to squabble with the French for possession of the land. There were more or less regular ructions from that time on, for the hardy settlers who developed the land didn't pull very well in harness along with the Virginia planters—with their slaves and European culture. Thus they kept things pretty well "het up" until the new state was created in 1863.

Jefferson's "burning spring" was natural gas, and to-day West Virginia is famed for the rich reservoirs of this product, which serves in the dual capacity of a fuel and an illuminant, in her northern and central portions. And in the same regions are her immense deposits of petroleum, salt, sandstone, limestone and clay. Then, too, she has vast mining interests—bituminous coal of which she mines enough in a year to keep every family in her own borders warm during the winter months for a generation. She has a tremendous coke industry, innumerable coke ovens adding a picturesque note to the scenery of her mining districts.

Wheeling boasts a large percentage of the state's industrial plants. Best known among this city's manufacturing concerns is the Hazel-Atlas Glass Company. Advertising has made their Atlas E-Z Seal Preserve Jars known to housewives the nation

over. It has been the privilege of Advertising Headquarters to have worked with this concern in the preparation of their publicity campaigns.

Another progressive West Virginia concern, numbered among the valued clients of Advertising Headquarters, is the Huntington Lumber and Supply Co., who market sectional portable houses and who recognize that the trend of modern merchandising is advertisingward.

At this time West Virginia's petroleum is being piped to the Atlantic seaboard, refined, and, through its by-products, used to drive motors, to lay the dust on the roads over which they travel and to remove travel stains from the faces of the passengers. So on *ad infinitum*. Long trains of cars loaded with coke and coal from West Virginia wend their way east, west and south to blast furnaces and gas producing plants. From these ugly, unpoetical-looking materials modern chemistry, rivaling the alchemy of the Arabian Nights, has produced delicate perfumes, brilliant dyes, to say nothing of ammonia, roofing and paving materials. Will West Virginia be in a position to get her share of the constant demand for such articles?

Kanawha Package Salt is a possibility—why not a reality? The public is just as ready to buy West Virginia's apples as they are to purchase those of Oregon or New York.

West Virginia has raw materials to burn. She has enough lumber, petroleum, coal and natural gas to warm things up considerably and advertising will do its share toward keeping the fires of prosperity aglow.

Advertising Headquarters is ready to do its part in stoking the fires and watching the steam gauge when West Virginia says the word.



More Honey for the Land of the Honeybee

IN 1847 Brigham Young and his followers set out to find a haven of refuge, a river of Jordan, a land flowing with milk and honey.

They chose as their promised land a part of what is now Utah. But how drear and drab it must have been—a land of alkali, unfertile and undeveloped. Even its one source of riches was forbidding. There seemed nothing worth while but stern, frowning mineral-filled cliffs.

Perhaps it was in a spirit of bitterness that Brigham Young called this new holy land the State of Deseret, which, translated from the book of Mormon, means “the land of the honeybee.”

But even if the hive was located far away from the heavy, rich-scented fragrance of the usual honey-yielding flowers, the bees of Mormondom were not a whit deterred. Where flowers were not they grew flowers.

With a courage, an industry and a determination that succeeding generations must admire, the Mormons set out to develop their land and hold it against man and Nature, to make it picture the name which their prophet had bestowed upon it.

They seized upon the hope of irrigation, and, to the Mormons in this connection, whole large areas of the United States owe a deep debt.

Utah, or rather the State of Deseret, was the pioneer of irrigation—demonstrated its possibilities and so enormously increased the crop yield of the whole United States.

There were in 1913, as a result of this pioneer striving, 1,500,000 acres of irrigated land in Utah, yielding crops of astounding value.

This state has always suffered from a lack of suitable, and, until recently, adequate transportation facilities. This has limited the scope of its manufactures—confined it to producing solely for local consumption.

Still, Utah has a highly developed, scientifically conducted and remarkable sugar beet industry. It is the more astounding if its phenomenal development is considered. In 1900 Utah had three small refineries, with an almost negligible capacity. To-day in their place there are refineries annually producing thousands of tons of beet sugar.

Beet sugar is but one of the products that Utah can profitably sell outside its own confines. The canning and preserving industries are coming along wonderfully, and canned Utah tomatoes, pumpkins, beans and peas would be welcomed by housewives the country over.

Now, it took Utah over 40 years to put the idea of getting into the United States over—but keeping everlastingly at it brought success. That is the motto of N. W. Ayer & Son. Our adherence to that motto has brought us the recognition as "Advertising Headquarters." For 47 years we have been successfully counseling some of the country's most widely known industries and resultfully demonstrating that "it pays to advertise."

Now we feel that the sugar and preserving industries of Utah can profit by an extension of scope. Our experience is at the disposal of Utah. We will be pleased to consider the problems of any of Utah's institutions that earnestly desire growth.



The Beautiful Sister

POT of gold at the end of the rainbow—will-o'-the-wisp to lure men on—such it seems was the Beautiful Sister, until very recent years. Born to the civilized world on an Easter Sunday morning, she was named by the beauty-loving Spaniards who discovered her, "Florida," The Land of Flowers."

Like Helen of Troy, Florida's fatal gift of beauty drove men mad with the desire for possession. For centuries nation fought with nation to establish a claim, and it was not until after she felt the great, rending tragedy of brother fighting brother in the Civil War that Florida learned to know peace.

Her bitter warfare over, she took up her share of the family responsibilities and has ever since contributed in generous measure to the needs of her sister states.

In proof, witness how every other state in the Union gathers up her tired and disheartened sons of toil, and pours them by boatload and trainload into Florida's waiting arms.

Florida does not need to be commercial. She is beautiful and her days are filled to the brim with the business of making the most of her beauty for the greatest good to the greatest number.

To that end she has concealed her scars and, helped by the mellowing hand of Time, her grim forts are romantic vine-clad

landmarks; gray convents have become hospitable inns and lively barracks; forbidding official palaces have been transformed into picturesque government buildings, and her bare sea wall has blossomed into a popular promenade. She has built wonderful roads in all directions, drained swamps, cultivated orchards, tilled the soil and developed fair cities.

Florida grows and ships millions of oranges yearly. Her deposits of phosphate rock are quite the most remarkable and the most productive in the country. Her fisheries are a source of large income, her cigar manufactories are of vast importance, and the value of her naval stores amounts to many millions.

Not by any chance would we underestimate Florida's position as a producer, but all these affairs—the mines, the factories, the produce farms, the crowded wharves are, after all, the incidentals, necessary because they contribute to the material welfare of Florida and her visiting throngs.

So long as you have your Palm Beach and your old St. Augustine, your golf links and your pine forests, your jasmine vines and your groves of orange flowers, your Gulf Coast and your inland streams, the paradise of fishermen, you are doing your share, Sister Florida, so just keep on advertising your own beautiful self.

You have your Plant System and your Flagler System (monuments to one man's abiding faith in you); your Seaboard Air Line and your Atlantic Coast Line; your Mallory Line and your other steamship lines. Keep them loaded with searchers after health and happiness, who in their own grooves show the seeking look which only you can efface.

Lying there cradled in the murmuring blue, you have a mission to perform which is so big and so wonderful that the costliest printed page and the farthest-reaching herald are scarcely worthy to carry your message to the waiting thousands. If it were ours to do, we would publish your beauty to all the world and have carven over your wide-flung gates, "Deus hæc otia fecit"—"God Hath Made This A Rest."



“The World’s Mine Oyster”

WE recently received a letter from a large English concern asking for our advice on a proposition to market an English oyster in the United States.

Was it not Dean Swift who said, “He was a bold man that first ate an oyster”? Believe us, the courage of the first man waxes pale beside that of this firm of English packers in considering America as a market for English bivalves. Talk about carrying coals to Newcastle or taking a ham sandwich to a banquet! These old jokes are words of wisdom compared with asking the natives of these shores to stomach the insipid English oyster, when we have at our doors the finest oyster beds in the whole world.

Chesapeake Bay is the home of the most succulent oysters that ever basked on the half shell or frittered time away at a church social. Why! Down in Maryland the humble cottager goes forth and digs oysters out of the mud that would bring tears of joy to the eyes of an epicure.

And yet how many of our leading citizens at large, or our

less blessed but more numerous common people, ever tasted the saline deliciousness that thrives in the shallows of tide-washed Maryland's bay?

Frankly, we are astounded that some one of Maryland's well-to-do packers has not seen the golden opportunity lying at his fingers' ends and launched a trade-marked brand of Chesapeake oysters and put them on Uncle Sam's luxurious table.

There has been considerable scientific gossip and public speculation about the possibilities of successfully abstracting gold from sea water. Verily, a carefully chosen, well packed, well named, labeled and advertised line of Maryland oysters would be nothing less than a gold mine. You Marylanders eat Michigan breakfast foods, Chicago meats, and Pittsburgh pickles. Do you imagine for one moment that Michigan folks, Illinois folks and Pennsylvania folks won't love your oysters?

And while eats are the subject, what about Maryland garden truck? She grows the finest tomatoes, sweet corn and peas to be found anywhere inside the confines of the U. S. A., bar none. The best part of Maryland is mostly garden. She has 48,769 farms, with an average area of 104 acres. Well! peas, sweet corn and tomatoes are eaten by everyone over three years old. Likewise, they are sold in grocery stores in cans in the fall, winter and spring time in every hamlet, village and city in America.

The packers in Pittsburgh and even in Chicago go to Maryland for their tomatoes, corn and peas. But did anyone ever see a brand of peas or tomatoes or corn that even Sherlock Holmes could have identified as from Maryland?

There are two firms of Maryland canners rated at \$500,000 to \$750,000; five rated at \$300,000 to \$500,000; ten at \$200,000 to \$300,000 and ten at \$125,000 to \$200,000. Think of it! And not one of these concerns has had the temerity to stake out a claim on this grub business, a profit producer that would make the rattle of hail on a tin roof sound like a pin falling on the Serapi, compared with the noise of their cash being put into barrels for shipment to Baltimore's banks.



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And Baltimore, the home of hospitality, good breeding and gallantry—once the gateway to the South—what has come over the spirit of thy dreams? Not long ago you were the sixth city of the United States. Now you are trailing Cleveland. You are a remarkable manufacturing city. You are economically and commercially placed to advantage. You should be the gateway to America and a great port for clearance to our South American cousins.

We would like to see some big business come out of Baltimore. It is there. In clothing you occupy a wonderful position. You have five men's clothing manufacturers rated at over \$1,000,000; three rated at \$300,000 to \$500,000; one at \$200,000 to \$300,000; four at \$125,000 to \$200,000. In the name of the most garden variety of common sense why should you keep your light under a bushel? One of your number has put advertising to the touch and made his name and brand known the length and breadth of the country.

We believe there is a wonderful opportunity for an energetic, bold Baltimore merchant to tell the men of America about his garments and do it in a highly civilized and modern way. Who is the man or firm who will break the shackles of advertising imitation and show real men in real clothes of real merit and tell a real clothes story? America waits.

Baltimore, your greatest enemy is your conservatism. You are proud and haughty and reserved. This land is feeling the beating pulse of the new nationalism. The hour has struck for sectionalism. There is no North, no South, no East, no West. Cities, counties, states, sections are interdependent. We exhort you to come out of your shell of reserve and see things in a national way, commercially, advertisingly.

The world is your oyster. Can you open it all by yourself? Even the bravest captains welcome an experienced pilot on strange waters. Will you let us talk seriously with you? Conferences between successful business houses are always productive of good. The latch string hangs loose.

Things Are Humming in Jersey

EVERYTHING hums in New Jersey. Yes, in much-maligned Jersey—Jersey the butt of the slap-stick comedian's jokes in New York and Philadelphia playhouses from time immemorial. One might well be led to believe that Jersey is a good place to sleep in—merely this and nothing more. And it is a good place. Witness the exodus of Jersey-bound commuters from New York and Philadelphia by tube and ferry boat every work-day along around sundown.

Nevertheless, Jersey is wide-awake. Atlantic City's teeming boardwalk, her brilliantly illuminated hotels and piers, her flashing electric signs are proof positive of that. So are Hoboken's docks, Newark's, Jersey City's, Trenton's and New Brunswick's smoke-belching chimneys, Princeton's stadium when Bulldog and Tiger grapple, Pennsgrove's populace just after the paymaster's visit to her vast powder plants. There's nothing somnolent about Jersey. She may be small in area, but she is doing big things, is producing big men. The President of the United States, though not born in New Jersey, has been for so long a time a resident of that state and her foremost educator and statesman that she may rightfully claim him. That great American inventor, scientist and world-benefactor, Thomas A. Edison, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time, whose achievements are veritable wizardry, carries on his indefatigable labors at West Orange, close by his enormous plant.

Come to Philadelphia, to the topmost floors of her skyscrapers in lower Chestnut Street. Turn your eyes to the East in true Mohammedan fashion and behold not Mecca, but Cam-



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den, the farthest-famed city of its size in America. Camden's soups are on millions of dinner tables every day. Camden's ships plough the waters of the seven seas. Camden's licorice sticks make glad the hearts and sticky the fingers of slews and slews of kids. Camden talking-machines are heard farther than that famous shot fired by Lexington's embattled farmers. Advertising has spread the fame of Victor Talking Machines and Campbell's Soups, perhaps beyond the wildest dreams of those who founded these concerns. A more recent recruit to the list of concerns that are helping to make their products and Camden famous is our valued client, The Fiberlic Company, whose improved wallboard has marked an epoch in building construction.

Things are humming in Jersey. The buzz of the omnipresent, carnivorous mosquito is heard throughout the lowland portion of the state, while up Paterson way the whirring of the looms in the world's largest silk mills is a most welcome sound, for the hum of industry betokens prosperity. But in some ways the pesky skeeter can give Mr. Jersey Manufacturer a pointer or two. He never overlooks an opportunity. Consider the tremendous quantity of Jersey-made goods that are sold to the metropolitan jobbing houses and department stores—unbranded. What a reputation—what a demand might be built up—what virtual insurance of a stable demand for his products the manufacturer might enjoy were these goods trade-marked.

In the main, New Jersey is alive to the advantages of sound, consistent advertising and the possibilities thereof. In consideration of her comparatively small area she boasts a large and growing total of national advertisers. Nevertheless, there is room for more—and need. New Jersey does not have to go outside her own borders to find examples of successful enterprises that owe their great growth to the double-team of sound business brains and advertising. The picture of the Rock of Gibraltar suggests the Prudential Insurance Company just as much as it does the English fortress. Who is not acquainted with the Franco-American Boy as he is pictured sampling one of his soups. "Dri-Foot," Colgate, Mennen, are names familiar

to the general public. Empire Cream Separators and Iron Age Agricultural Implements are just as well known to the farmer.

Trenton boasts the largest pottery industry in the United States and the tremendous Roebling wire plant. Among the progressive concerns in Jersey's capital city is our client, the Empire Rubber and Tire Company, whose excellent red rubber tires are making just as much of a wide impression on the general public as they are making on the highways and byways of our land.

Close to Trenton is Lambertville, and in this town is the home of the Lambertville Rubber Company, with which concern we have the pleasure of co-operating in the handling of the advertising of their Snag-Proof Boots.

One of our most widely known New Jersey clients is The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, whose lead pencils are daily used by millions, whose graphite lubricants are constantly used and highly endorsed by practically all the noted drivers in the great automobile speed classics. The manufacture of these and other products has built up one of the largest industries of Jersey City—a great industrial center.

Another progressive Jersey concern numbered among those who have joined forces with Advertising Headquarters is H. B. Wiggin's Sons Co. of Bloomfield, whose high-grade interior finishing materials have added to thousands of homes an artistic and beautiful touch.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. What many Jersey concerns have done others can do. And speaking of sauce—cranberry sauce, indispensable to the turkey dinner as is water to the duck, is made from one of the products of the Jersey bogs. Jersey produces over half of Uncle Sam's cranberry crop annually. The cranberry growers of New Jersey have formed an association to advertise their product and insure its being marketed with the minimum of waste and loss caused by former unorganized efforts to dispose of it.

Back in the days before the state was divvied up between Lords Carteret and Berkeley, things hummed in Jersey. There were so many nationalities, so many factions laying claim to



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the land that the settlers used to wake up every morning wondering just who was boss around there. And with so many claimants, the bullets were humming pretty regularly. The Swedes were on the Delaware and on the Hudson it was the Dutch. Thus Jersey was between two fires.

Now the hum of industry has supplanted that of the bullet. The people are engaged in more peaceful pursuits. Jersey's manufacturers employ half a million people and her oil refining and fisheries industries add materially to her prosperity. Jersey has done big things and at present is doing them. Her future is roseate. When the projected ship canal from the Delaware River to the Atlantic shall become a reality, her prosperity should know no bounds.

Now Advertising Headquarters is just across the river from Jersey, whether it be the Delaware or Hudson, instead of the Swedish and Dutch traders. Our mission is constructive. We may well state, with pardonable pride, that we are laboring not in vain in behalf of twenty schools in New Jersey and other clients as enumerated. We can be of similar assistance to others in Jersey. The Macedonian appeal will find us ready to come over and help.



New York the Indescribable

WE admit right at the beginning that the job of describing New York, industrially and advertisingly, is a *leetle* too hefty for us. We have side-stepped the task as long as possible, hoping that we would come into money, or fall off a ferry boat or otherwise be spared the ordeal, but at last it is squarely upon us and here we go.

Physically, the Empire State stands twenty-sixth on the list, but within her borders there is more wealth of resource and accomplishment than any two of her sister states can boast. She contributes more than a sixth of the total manufactured products of the country, which means that she annually turns out between three and four billion dollars' worth of goods from her factories. All told, she has more than 50,000 manufacturing establishments, employing a million and a half people and paying out close to a billion dollars a year in wages. The capital invested in these plants is about three billion dollars.

Considering these staggering statistics, you can well understand how New York can support ten or eleven million people—a tenth of the population of the United States.

But, with all her great natural advantages, New York could never have become so great industrially unless she had



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extended the markets for her products far beyond her own boundaries. Only because New York advertises her goods and sells them all over the world is she the mightiest and wealthiest of our states.

Publicity is characteristic of New York; somebody once said that no man ever lived in New York state without advertising the fact—and the enterprise of her advertisers has put many of her towns on the map. Take, for example, Westfield, a small town in Northern New York, which has become known the country over as the home of the Welch Grape Juice Company, or Canajoharie, made famous through the Beechnut products. The name of almost every town in New York suggests some widely advertised article—Troy means collars and shirts; Ilion, filing equipment, typewriters and firearms; Utica, knit goods; Oswego, starch; Rochester, clothing—and so on through an extended list.

Yet, despite the wonderful advertising achievements of numbers of New York manufacturers, there are many others who have not availed themselves of their opportunities.

Why the silence on the part of the glovers of Gloversville and Johnstown? Especially now, when foreign importations are a problem, should not the fine gloves of New York come into their own?

What about your flour, Rochester? Why should Minnesota be left with practically an open advertising field for this great staple?

And shoes and neckwear and agricultural implements, in which New York stands so high productively, why aren't these products more widely known?

New York City herself is neglectful of many fine advertising opportunities. For instance, she turns out countless thousands of outer garments and undergarments for women that are unidentified by the makers' names. These garments are sent to every corner of the Union, yet the women of the country do not know them by name. Duplicating any garment is almost an impossibility for consumers. The trade-marked mer-

chandise of this description is of such small volume as to be all but an unknown quantity. There is room for the national advertising of women's garments made in New York. There are, also, comparatively few nationally advertised lines of men's clothing made in New York state, and the total output, in suits and overcoats alone, is so great as to beggar the imagination.

New York city is the financial center of the country, with its great banking institutions and big captains of industry. It is also the poverty center of the country, with its teeming tenements and jobless thousands. It is the style-setter for the nation, yet among its polyglot populace are some of the most wretchedly garbed people in the world. It is the hiving-place of artists and writers; also of tramps, beggars and thieves. It has the finest and most modern transportation system in the world. It is also the only city in this country in which the antiquated horse-pulled street car may still be found. It is beautiful and ugly. It is fine and it is vile. It is everything rolled into one great turbid, struggling mass of humanity hailing from everywhere.

75,000 persons die in New York City in a year and 130,000 are born. New York City has 1400 churches to fight its 10,000 saloons, and 11,000 policemen to keep its naughty children in line. Some of its building lots sell for \$700,000 apiece. Of milk it drinks 15,000 barrels a day and uses 16,000,000 barrels of water. In the city and within commuting range live seven or eight million people, a large part of whom spend their waking hours between burrowing underground in the subways and working in buildings whose "skyish heads" almost penetrate the clouds.

A marvelous city, indeed, where every extreme meets and which stands to-day as the wonder-spot of all the world.

Now, as to our own association with the industries of New York. If it be true that a man may be judged by the company he keeps, we may well be pardoned for listing with pride our clients in the Empire State. We have the honor to be advertising counselors to many New York manufacturers and to many institutions which are preparing youngsters of both sexes



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for their places in the world of business and progress. Fifty schools in New York state are our clients. Among our clients who make and sell, or serve, are National Biscuit Company, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, American Sugar Refining Company, Ansco Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, Steinway & Sons, William Demuth & Co., Ferris Brothers, Western Electric Company, Encyclopædia Britannica, The Fleischmann Company, Goetz Silk Mfg. Co., Seth Thomas Clock Company, Spencerian Pen Company, General Chemical Company, Smith Brothers, Diamond Match Company, The Fifth Avenue Building, Rosenthal Brothers, Welch Grape Juice Company, Lazell Perfumer, Whitall Tatum Company, and numbers of others who are advertising nationally through Advertising Headquarters.

What better proof than this list of our clients in one state can we offer of our capability and versatility? These advertisers are of the class for whom only the best is good enough. They sell everything from yeast cakes to pianos, and in addition they include public service corporations who have a story of service to tell.

All these varied interests, ranging from comparatively small businesses to the largest, and with a variety of products which practically runs the gamut of advertising appeal to every class of our population, have come to us as the agency best equipped to serve their widely differing needs.

What stronger argument could we present to prove that we are really a National Advertising Agency, serving equally well both the small and the large advertiser?

Wouldn't it be valuable to you to have the advice of an agency so well associated with signal advertising successes and so thoroughly experienced in all lines of publicity?

It's Time the Blue Hen Cackled

DELAWARE, diminutive in area though she may be, is the first American state, because she was the first to ratify the Constitution of the United States.

"Delaware-Dover" used to sing-song the kids in geography class, back in the '60's. To this alliterative combination might be added duPonts and dynamite.

Delaware is full of duPonts. In Wilmington and its environs are the offices and a large portion of the tremendous plants of the duPont interests and the vast estates of the duPont family. DuPont dynamite and gunpowder are radically altering the earth's surface every day. The duPont products are in world-wide demand. They are playing a big part in the destiny of nations to-day.

Here is a great example of an aggressive, fore-sighted enterprise which quite naturally sees its greatest activity when the dogs of war are unleashed. But the duPont people are not by any means dependent upon Mars for prosperity in their industry. They have gone to the American farmer with the message of dynamite for vertical farming and to the American sportsman to stimulate trap-shooting, which until recently was gradually becoming an almost-forgotten means of sport and recreation. Thus they have insured a steady demand for their chief products. Then, too, they are helping to teach the American people the value of such substitutes for leather as duPont Fabrikoid.

Wilmington manufactures vessels, cars, bridges, structural steel, fiber products, crates, paper, flour, cotton and woolen



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goods. Some of these products are advertisable in a large sense, some are not.

The remainder of the state is pre-eminently agricultural. Delaware peaches are famous. Market gardening, stimulated by proximity to the large cities, is an important and growing activity. Delaware has built up a considerable industry in the canning of tomatoes and other vegetables and small fruits. Right now more than one hundred canneries are sending out annually more than a million cases of tomatoes.

Back in Revolutionary days, Captain Caldwell, commanding the First Delaware Regiment of Continentals, made cock-fighting his hobby. Being pretty much of a connoisseur in this line, the Captain always sought sons of blue hens, for these feather-weights and bantam-weights were born with pugnacious proclivities, in his opinion. Hence the name Blue Hen's Chickens, which has clung to Delawareans to this day.

The hen is now recognized as a simon-pure advertiser for reasons which are familiar to everyone. Just now the state of the Blue Hen is enjoying unprecedented prosperity.

Never was there a more favorable opportunity for the small concern for solid and rapid growth. Delaware is an ideal field for the development of co-operative marketing of fruits and vegetables which has been so successful in other states. Where is there a greater opportunity for a complete line of high-grade canned fruits, vegetables and sea food?

Delaware has something to offer the rest of the country. It's time for the Blue Hen to cackle and spread that fact broadcast. We, of Advertising Headquarters, are ready with expert knowledge in the handling of "incubator chicks" in the advertising world. We have developed many of these in other states. We can do the same in Delaware.

A Moulder of Men

I AM going to Texas, and in that new country I will make a man of myself." So spoke glorious old Sam Houston on the day he bade good-bye to Tennessee and his Indian friends.

History tells in glowing language of how nobly he lived up to that declaration. History also tells of the myriad other strong hearts who were moulded into men in the "Man Test" of early Texas. It was a gala day in '45 when the Rough Riding State came tearing into the Union with a huge chunk of land and a ten-million-dollar war debt. Then came the famous swap, whereby Uncle Sam got parts of Colorado, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and Texas was freed from debt.

But that is history's province. Every one knows and delights in the Texas Tales of Men. And you and I, how many times in gay fancy have we not pictured ourselves roping long-horns in the Panhandle or rescuing wonderful cowgirls from black mustached Cheyenne Charlies! We are all drawn to Texas; there's something inspiring in the very vastness of her which seems to bring out all that is biggest and best in a man's nature.

Texans, yours is a state of romance, of traditions as brilliant as the lone, clear emblem of your commonwealth! But there is a romance in which you are not known: it is the romance of modern manufacturing. There are traditions you are not making to-day: they are the traditions of enterprising finance. You are booming. Few states have kept pace with the magnificent strides you have taken in the last ten years. Yet your progress has been largely agricultural.

Yours is a mammoth land of mammoth resources. One-third again as large as the German Empire, you could shelter and



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feed the fighting armies; your annual petroleum output could float the Kaiser's battleships; your cottonseed oil would stream unruffled beneath the Allies' dreadnaughts; and your copper, iron and saltpetre mines could furnish projectiles enough to sink every ship! Had your 15,701,756 farm beasts trampled your fields in 1910, one-fourth of the world's cotton supply would have been cut off; 150,000,000 bushels of corn would have been lost; nearly half of America's rice yield would have disappeared and an extra good year on the part of every state in the Union would not have made up the agricultural loss.

Your cotton industry in one year would pay off the three enormous Panama Canal loans, build the Brooklyn bridge over and erect ten New York skyscrapers. The product of your gins for a single year, falling at the rate of a pound a minute, would snow cotton steadily for over 2500 years.

You lead all states in cattle and mules; but two states boast more horses. From your goats is sheared each year over one-half the annual supply of mohair. You are the Colossus of Agriculture!

But even Achilles had his vulnerable heel. Yours, Texans, lies in both heels—Publicity and Manufacturing.

It is not a stroke of luck that New England makes more money from your mohair and cotton than you do yourselves. It is not a joke to buy back your own cereals in nationally known packages and for many times your price. Neither is it wise to hide your 9,000,000 pounds of pecans, nor your unequaled fruits and produce. Why not let your American brothers know that the world's best year-round resorts are yours? That your schools are up-to-date and progressive? Your publicity is not in keeping with your size and spirit.

As manufacturers of nationally known wares, you are far behind; yet your silver spoon is loaded with opportunities enough to fill even the mammoth craw of your giant state. Enormous fields of lignite and semi-anthracite coal offer you power; your seaports offer shipping facilities that are among the best; your railroad mileage is greater than that of any other state; your raw

products are many and waiting. Yet the United States Census of 1910 gives you only 36 establishments of over a million value, and most of them are unknown to American consumers.

Texans, you have been moving forward rapidly—do not halt or slip backward! National publicity is the fuel which fires the swiftest engines of progress and success to-day. You need publicity now, Texans, lots of it! It means big business in a big state. Glorious opportunities await the Sam Houstons of to-day who will launch out fearlessly and “make men of themselves” in the national business world.

Advertising Headquarters wants to help. You’re just our size—big, sturdy and energetic. Your goods, trade-marked and nationally known, would double and triple in value. Advertising will place your cities on the business map and the population will accordingly increase.

Advertising Headquarters wants to go on a “rodeo” with Texas business. We may not be able to bust a bronc or rope a longhorn, but we can throw a “half-hitch” on Texas business and brand it with A No. 1 advertising that sells goods.

Michigan—the High-Geared State

AN inquisitive person asked a man from Detroit why it was that three out of every four automobiles in this country came from Michigan. Whereupon the man from Detroit presumed it was “because they were made there!”

But this is only half the reason—the other half is a story of advertising and salesmanship.

Michigan's history includes the story of the automobile. But the story of the automobile would, by no means, be the whole history of this high-geared manufacturing state.

Michigan has been in the manufacturing business for two and a half centuries. Ever since 1668 when Marquette came to missionize the Chippewas, she has been making history. She turned out a chapter for France (which originally owned her), and a chapter or two for Great Britain. But since the good old war days of 1812 she has been making United States history exclusively.

As a state she was hewn right out of the wilderness. Her past is full of thrills. Among other things she produced a good Indian war—Pontiac's—and also a full-size political party—nothing less than the G. O. P. itself! She was a pioneer in developing the American school system.

It wasn't a mere accident of circumstances that made Michigan great as a manufacturing state—not Michigan, with her splendid pioneer courage, initiative and selling talent!

Take the automobile industry—rubber doesn't grow in Michigan and steel isn't much manufactured there. Yet Michigan has built and sold one automobile for every man, woman

and child of her population. She produced three-fourths of the 800,000 American cars made last year. She is calmly figuring on four-fifths of the estimated 1,000,000 output this year.

All of which indicates that it takes more than steel and rubber to produce automobiles. And Michigan has the "more."

Michigan's supremacy in the building of pleasure cars and trucks, "gas" and electric, is another Aladdin's tale. Detroit alone has thirty factories—which made close to 400,000 cars, worth \$375,000,000, in 1915. This city has a hundred shops which manufacture automobile accessories. Lansing, Jackson and Flint are also in the business.

Michigan not only had the vision and the mechanical skill to produce, but also the genius to sell, automobiles. After the first years, the manufacturers relied heavily on advertising to help them cash in. It was done extensively—mostly in glittering generalities. Big space and smashing illustrations, with chunks of technical description, about defines it.

Times have changed in automobile advertising, just as they have in manufacturing. To-day a description of springy springs and beautiful gloss will not sell a car.

Future sales will be very much a question of good advertising. And the manufacturers who win will be those who have something to tell the public about their particular cars that can't be said about any other.

We believe in "doing it differently" always. That's one reason why Ayer advertising is so successful.

We'd like nothing better than to be invited in on one of these Michigan car accounts—with a clear-track opportunity to prove that automobile advertising can be made different as well as profitable.

Michigan's furniture interests are important. A decade or two ago Grand Rapids was about the only known source of first-floor-to-attic furniture. This same city is producing less than formerly, but Grand Rapids furniture ranks among the most artistic in the world, bar none. Quantity production has given away to quality.



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No, we're not forgetting it—we'll say it now. Michigan is the home of the modern breakfast food. Consider what all of us owe to her people for having put variety into the morning meal.

Here again it was Michigan courage, initiative and advertising that did it.

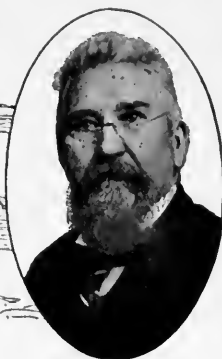
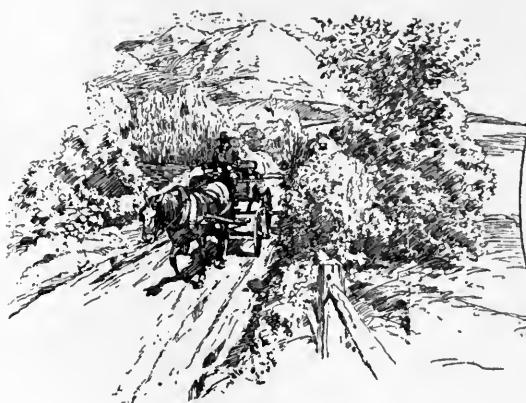
Michigan has a high proportion of manufacturers who long ago recognized the need of advertising. They have been advertising for many years and are still doing it. But there are others who could profit by example.

It is our good fortune to be associated with a number of Michigan's most successful advertisers. We have worked for years with D. M. Ferry & Co., the largest seed house in the world. We are linked up with the Acme White Lead and Color Works, another "largest in the world." What splendid examples these are of Michigan courage, initiative and success!

Out of Detroit comes the most popular boy's magazine—*The American Boy*. It is the most widely read publication of its kind—which is because it is a good magazine and is well advertised. Another of our clients is the Hastings Manufacturing Company, of Hastings. We also handle the advertising for many of Michigan's famous schools and colleges.

We are prepared to do more advertising for Michigan. We think Michigan's in-it-to-win spirit, coupled to Advertising Headquarters' "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success" policy, make a combination that can't be beaten. We see so many opportunities in many lines—the ten-to-one chances of success. It is *there*—in automobiles, furniture, corsets, stoves, cutlery—all lines.

It isn't far from Michigan to Advertising Headquarters—no farther to go for the right kind of advertising than to go from Philadelphia to Michigan for a good car.



R. J. REYNOLDS
President of the
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

North Carolina Shows How To Advertise

TRYING to tell the story of North Carolina in our limited space would be pretty much like trying to condense Shakespeare into short-story form.

We must hew closely to our theme—advertising—and North Carolina furnishes us conspicuous examples of advertising success.

Along about 1870, at a time when the Civil War was fresh in the memories of men and its scars still unhealed, a young man, who had started life as a tobacco factory laborer, conceived a sound selling idea. The idea seems elementary, but its worth is attested by its remarkably successful development.

The young man inclined to the theory that better tobacco, and truth in selling it, would win more customers than a fancy description of common tobacco. Accordingly, he bought the best tobacco grown, manufactured it, loaded a wagon with it and drove through the North Carolina mountains, calling upon farmers and selling them a year's tobacco supply, often taking produce in exchange.



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Each trip was more successful than the last. Farmers learned to depend upon the genial young manufacturer-merchant and his wares.

Thus was formed the foundation for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, which was established in 1875 at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, by the young man whose name it bore and who is to-day its president—not so young, but imbued with the same ideals that brought his earliest success.

The business was started in a little factory on a capital of \$7500, and manufactured 80,000 pounds of tobacco the first year. To-day—41 years after the business was established—the production is enormously greater. Back of this stupendous growth have been three foremost factors—good tobacco, good advertising, and fair methods.

Seven years ago Prince Albert was an unknown brand. Quality and advertising have helped it to become known and smoked in every civilized country—the largest selling brand of smoking tobacco in the world! Through this advertising, millions of pipes have been brought to the firing line. Prince Albert is the only tobacco manufactured by a patented process. This process removes the tongue bite and throat parch.

Two years ago Camel Cigarettes were introduced in a market congested with a multitude of brands offering premiums of almost every nature. Camels captured the market immediately without any inducement except quality and to-day are the biggest selling cigarettes in America.

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company has created the largest independent tobacco business in America.

This is a tribute, not alone to the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company or their advertising, but to the opportunities that are open, now as never before in America, to rise to power and prestige from inconspicuous beginnings.

Quick business success is typically American and modern advertising is essentially an American product. There is a sympathetic relation between the two and they are usually interlinked. We have seen and helped promote advertising successes as spectacularly resultful as last year's "war-bride" investments and of a far more stable character.

No matter where the business is located, the potent power of advertising can stimulate the sales of a good article. Tobacco is a fairly staple article, yet advertising jumped Prince Albert and Camels from unknown brands to the leading sellers in a few years.

Another notable advertising success has been experienced by the P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, which, by the way, is also located in Winston-Salem.

Four years ago, the P. H. Hanes Knitting Company was seeking a wider market for Hanes Underwear. Ayer & Son were called into consultation, advertising was planned and placed, and for the past two years the Hanes Knitting Company has spent its spare time in seeking wider manufacturing facilities.

To-day, the P. H. Hanes Knitting Company operates the largest mill in the world devoted to manufacturing heavyweight underwear.

Our part and pride in these two successful North Carolina institutions is in supplying their advertising. We have been a source of help to other North Carolina advertisers—the Maline Mills, the Durham Hosiery Mills, Asheville School for Boys, Bingham School, the Fleet School for Boys, and others, being numbered among our clients.

We know that there are more North Carolina businesses that would readily respond to wisely conceived advertising. The gates are open—who wants to grow?

When Nebraska Takes Soundings

NAPOLEON did a mighty good turn for Nebraska. If he hadn't found need for a little ready cash and negotiated the Louisiana Purchase with Thomas Jefferson, there might never have been any Nebraska, any Omaha, any Platte. Perhaps there would have been no Silver-Tongued Orator of the Platte who, although born in Illinois, might well be called Nebraska's most widely-advertised product.

After Jefferson had bought this vast territory the ever-present carping critics no doubt adopted the what-are-you-going-to-do-with-it attitude of the gentleman in the modern comic cartoons, but Thomas, like Job, bided his time, though, like Seward in the Alaska Purchase,—and in fact, most mortals,—it has remained for history to write his vindication.

Of the early history of Nebraska we know little. She sort of got lost in the shuffle for a while, and at one time there were as many claimants for sovereignty over her territory as there are "birth places of Homer" in Greece or "houses that Washington slept in" in the Atlantic States. For a while Missouri, Michigan and Arkansas all had a finger in the pie. Spanish explorers in search of mythical cities and French traders had traversed her solitudes, Lewis and Clark skirted the boundary in their memorable expedition of 1804-1806. The first permanent white settler was Peter Sarpy in 1824. In 1850 the Lone Tree Ferry was established to ply back and forth across the Missouri River. But in 1851, the ferryman, tired of playing Charon without a Cerberus, or finding the lack of interstate commerce laws made the job monotonous, settled on the west bank where Omaha now is. Around that spot has grown up

a city that has built up a tremendous packing industry, surpassed only by Chicago and Kansas City, not to mention other large activities.

Said the *North American Review*, in 1858: "The people of the United States have reached their inland western frontier, and the banks of the Missouri River are the shores at the termination of a vast ocean desert over one thousand miles in breadth, which it is proposed to travel, if at all, with caravans of camels and which interpose a final barrier to the establishment of large communities, agricultural, commercial and even pastoral."

Gentlemen, the verdict is that, although Nebraska was for a long time a sandy waste, as a "desert" she has not been a success. And all of the camels to be seen there now are those few which periodically traverse the state with some greatest-show-on-earth. We suspect that your true Nebraskan has assimilated a large proportion of that sand, which accounts for his perseverance and grit on which are predicated progress and prosperity.

Nebraska is a mighty good place to live. Her climate is dry and exhilarating. Agriculture flourishes, due to the inexhaustible fertility of the soil in a large portion of the state. Corn is her leading crop. A \$40,000,000 crop is a pretty good annual contribution to Uncle Sam's corn yield. But Nebraska hasn't begun to produce the corn crop that she will in time to come, for in a few years increased acreage and better farming methods will at least double these figures.

The sugar beet industry is large and growing. One factory in one year produced 71,000,000 pounds of white sugar. These crops of wheat, barley, oats, sorghum and flax make the annual valuation of her crops exceed \$300,000,000.

The excellent pasturage has been instrumental in the spread of beef cattle raising. Nebraska stands second among the great agricultural states in the value of her beef cattle. Naturally, the dairying industry is of great importance, to which an annual production of \$40,000,000 worth of dairy products will attest. Nebraska's butter is excellent and the fame of its goodness has been spread broadcast. However, the value of products in the slaughtering industry is close to that of all other industries combined.



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There is some refining and smelting of metallic ores. Timber is not plentiful, but reforestation on a considerable scale will in time greatly ameliorate this.

Nebraska is not a manufacturing state, but primarily a state of pastoral pursuits. Agriculture will probably ever be chiefest in Nebraska's activities. But manufacturing will probably develop in scope and activity with agriculture as the pacemaker. Then will the characteristic get-up-and-get spirit of Nebraskans again assert itself and advertising will be employed in a thorough way and to a large degree to create, sustain and insure big volume of business in the nearby great markets outside the state's borders.

Perhaps the day may come when Nebraskans may in the morning don shoes made of Nebraska leather, walk to the breakfast table on Nebraska prairie grass rugs, eat Nebraska trademarked, advertised food products, come in contact throughout the day with Nebraska's advertised goods, being lulled to rest at night by the chirp of a Nebraska cricket, an everlastingly-at-it advertiser.

Nebraska will develop her manufactures just as she is developing the land in her western counties, that was once sand dunes, and just as she is developing from an agricultural standpoint. Irrigation has wrought wonders here, backed up by the Nebraska brand of aggressiveness and determination. Sand dunes are not prepossessing nor promising to most people. But the Nebraskan long ago saw hidden possibilities there. Perhaps in the shallow Platte, which, to quote Artemus Ward, "Would be quite a river if placed on edge," there are possibilities. Hydraulic engineering projects now going on will develop these.

Advertising is the force that can give even greater impetus to Nebraska's rapid development. Advertising Headquarters is ready to help Nebraska to investigate and to take soundings. We know how to wield the plumb line, the dredge and the drill. We would like to show Nebraska.

Indomitable Indiana

INDIANA rounds out a century of statehood this year. For it was in 1816 that her star was added to the nation's emblem. What great strides she has made during the past century! At the time of admission she was just emerging from the scourge of more or less incessant Indian warfare that had been carried on back and forth across her territory ever since the days of La Salle. And, to add insult to injury, Thomas Jefferson had a pet scheme to slice Indiana's territory into a group of states, so that if the proposition hadn't died a-borning, modern map makers would have been hard pressed to find colors enough to designate the various states. So Indiana just got "in out of the wet" in time.

And literally she came in out of the wet, for when George Rogers Clark and his dauntless band set out to chase the English out of Vincennes, they splashed and waded their way across the prairies in the dead of winter, from Kaskaskia to their goal, where they faced the prospect of waging warfare in water up to the neck. Those were the times that tried men's soles. But indomitability conquered for the forefathers of the present-day Indianans, just as it has for their descendants and just as it will for unborn generations of Indianans.

Soon after she came in, foresighted Indiana got busy on good road making, and during the period generally termed the "Era of Good Feeling," the National Highway was built. This famous road which traversed Indiana did its part in the development of the commonwealth.

Indiana boasts the finest systems of electric railways and the largest mileage of good roads of any state in the Union. This has been responsible for the remarkable growth in her manufacturing industry during the past thirty-five years. She



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has tremendous shipping facilities and offers unusual advantages to manufacturers in her supply of natural gas, proximity to the coal fields and her strategic location as regards the great markets.

But all of Indiana's melons are not in one patch. She enjoys the distinction that few states have, that of being not only a great manufacturing state, but being there or thereabouts when the agricultural statisticians compile their tables to show leadership. Her soil is rich and yields abundantly. She has large timber acreage, which is responsible for the great growth of her furniture industry.

Her people are practically all native-born. She has no mammoth metropolis; only five cities with a population of more than fifty thousand has she. But she has scores of thriving cities and towns, ranging in population from three to fifty thousand. It is in such cities and towns, each with its own closely linked farming district about it, that the most fruitful field for resultful advertising lies—the richest market for advertised goods exists.

The names "Studebaker," "Oliver" and "Rumely" are synonymous with the vast agricultural implement industry. Would these names have been known to the degree that they are without the power of advertising? What do the names "Van Camp," "Sidway," "South Bend," "Ball Band" and "Prest-O-Lite" suggest? Every one, even the youngsters, knows a "Stutz," a "Cole," a "Haynes," another evidence of what national advertising has done and will do.

Indiana's products are many and varied. Besides kitchen cabinets and glass jars she can always supply a bountiful crop of "favorite sons" and literary lights. She always trots out a "favorite son" or two at the conventions of the great political parties and in the realm of literature boasts the names of Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, George Ade. What state can offer a greater array? Here is another evidence of the power of printers' ink.

Another landmark to Indiana indomitability is Culver Military Academy, the largest and most famous private military

academy in the United States. When this school was established in 1894, a military school was placed in the same category as a reform school by the general public. But this impression has been dissipated, and in these troublous times the value of this wonderful school is becoming more and more apparent as our people are gradually being converted to the belief that military training is not only beneficial, but essential. It is fitting that the advertising of the leading institution of this character should be in charge of Advertising Headquarters.

At New Castle are located Heller Brothers, another of our valued clients, growers of the famous Roses of New Castle. One million plants shipped annually attests the growth and extent of their business. Speaking of roses, Rose Polytechnic Institute is another of our clients in the Hoosier State.

We want more, and should have more connections in Indiana. We like Indiana indomitability. It carries out the idea of our slogan—"Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success." The success of Indiana's advertising pioneers should be a beacon, an encouragement to others.

Among the automobile accessory, agricultural implement, glass, furniture, flour, stove and silo industries of the Hoosier State are some of the raw materials for such successes. We should like to wade right in just as did Clark and his brave band and establish some of these on the firm, dry land of sound merchandising—good advertising.

You have done well in the past century, Hoosier State! "Who's Yer" counsel, your pilot for the coming years? Advertising Headquarters is in close touch just across your western boundary.

The Sound of Ohio

IT was Tom Sawyer who knew when he was passing out of Missouri because the State he was entering was of a different color.

We have always felt that had he listened attentively, he would have been able to determine the various states over which he passed by the sounds, for there is seemingly no reason why a state should not have its own peculiar sound, the same as a city, a street or an individual.

What are the sounds of the states?

Iowa—an autumn wind rustling a field of corn.

Colorado—the creak of a windlass and the voices of the day shift leaving the mine.

Louisiana—close harmony on a levee and a steamboat whistle.

New Jersey—the hum of silk mills and the voice of the phonograph.

New York—a babel; cries of newsboys; the roar of the subway; the sound of a stock-ticker.

And Ohio. Here is the sound of Ohio:

The clanging, metallic crash of a steel mill; the whine of a tire skimming along an asphalt street; the bell on a cash register.

From Dayton comes this last sound. Starting at the factory of the National Cash Register Company it swells in volume until it becomes a part of the national sound—an obligato to the composite sounds of all the states. It is more than a mere sound—it is retailer's music. For the ringing of the cash register has changed the former discordant notes of haphazard business into a harmony of record. The sound of the National Cash Register is a commercial symphony.

The National Cash Register Company, which is responsible for this ever-present sound, has been called the most highly developed and efficient organization in this country. It is naturally a source of satisfaction to us to be associated with this progressive company as advertising counsellors.

Ohio has arrived to this year of grace bearing the floral design of "The Buck-eye State." Yet, to-day, thousands of automobile owners would dub Ohio "The Rubber Plant State" and feel confident that no more appropriate name could be found among the flora and fauna of this broad land.

For Ohio has come to the front in the manufacture of rubber goods, and a large part of these goods are automobile tires. A goodly percentage of all the automobile tires manufactured in the United States come from Ohio.

Our ears are attuned to the sound of the tire and the ringing of the cash register. The clanging, metallic crash of the steel mills, coming from Ohio, is not so familiar. And yet it should be.

For the most important manufacturing industry in Ohio is that of iron and steel. It is not a new industry. It was established in Youngstown in 1804. Yet when we think of iron and steel products our minds stop east of the Ohio River, in Pittsburgh and Bethlehem. Why is it we do not associate immediately this wonderful industry with Cleveland, Youngstown, Steubenville, Bellaire, Lorain and Ironton?

Is it not possible that the many universally used products of the iron and steel industry have not been called to our attention as forcibly as some other Ohio products?

Ohio's products are many and diversified. Cleveland boasts the greatest number of automobile manufacturers; most of the rubber and elastic goods are made in Akron; about three-fourths of the men's clothing in Cincinnati. East Liverpool leads in the manufacture of pottery; Toledo turns out the greatest number of automobiles, as well as leads in flour and grist mill products; Springfield in agricultural implements; Cincinnati and Columbus in boots and shoes; Cleveland in women's clothing.

In Toledo, the makers of the famous Conklin Pen, the



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Conklin Pen Manufacturing Company, are contributing their quota to the sound of industrial Ohio. Paradoxical as it may seem, they are decreasing other sounds by so doing, for by making a superior fountain pen they are putting the soft pedal on the anathema hitherto voiced by disappointed users of inferior pens—both of the fountain and old-fashioned variety. We are helping them shout the name of Conklin across the country.

The sounds of Ohio are not confined to the big industrial centers. For out into the rural districts of that state, as well as every state in the Union, goes the message of Dr. Hess and Clark, of Ashland, Ohio. They are kept busy making stock remedies that are showing the farmers how to raise healthier and better stock. It is our privilege to aid them in paulrevereing their message to every middlesex village and farm.

From Cincinnati comes the voice of one of the pioneer advertisers. The consistent sound of this voice has influenced millions of housewives throughout the country and the advertised product floats in millions of tubs, thus demonstrating that advertising can be made 99 44/100 per cent. effective.

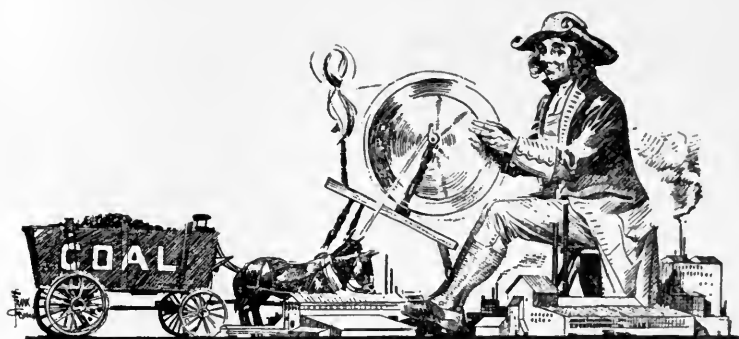
These are but a few of Ohio's sounds.

You stand fifth, Ohio, among your sisters in manufacturing and hold a leading position in every branch of agriculture. Truly you are, as your motto has it, "An Empire within an Empire."

A hundred million people want to hear more about your products.

We are in a position to help swell the volume of Ohio's sounds.

And it will not be an echo, but a new note sounded upon the advertising trumpet.



“Pennsylvania Started It”

PENNSYLVANIA is a great textile state. She started it. The first knitting mill in this country was established in Germantown in 1825. To-day, there are, approximately, 200 establishments in the state making hosiery, Philadelphia alone producing enough hose and half-hose to give two pairs to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Carpets were first made in this country in 1775, in Philadelphia. Pennsylvania leads in the number of yards of carpets and rugs made in the United States annually. Kensington—Philadelphia's great textile section—produces every year 40,000,000 yards of carpets and rugs—almost enough to put a belt around the earth.

The first paper mill in the United States was established in Germantown in 1690—Pennsylvania started it.

In lace curtains Pennsylvania is a leader. Philadelphia operates the largest lace factory in the world. The world's largest hat factory is in Philadelphia. She virtually holds a monopoly on tapestries.

But Philly is not the whole of Pennsylvania. There is Pittsburgh and the rest of the state. Pennsylvania has ten cities with over 50,000 population, and fifty-three cities and boroughs of over 10,000, each a beehive of buzzing industry.

The first effort to introduce the silk industry into the West-



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ern Hemisphere was attempted in Mexico in 1522. This died early.

In 1619 the settlers of Virginia obtained some success in silk culture.

The Revolutionary War found Ben Franklin and others nursing a silk filature into healthy life in Philadelphia.

To-day Pennsylvania handles one-third of all the silk that comes into the United States.

And according to census reports: "If allowance were made for the value of silk 'thrown on commission,' Pennsylvania would take first place in the silk industry."

Pennsylvania coal deposits rank first in the state's resources. Bituminous coal was first shipped from Pittsburgh in 1803. It is due to the coking value of Westmoreland, Fayette and Allegheny County bituminous coal that Pennsylvania has attracted its great chain of steel industries. Pittsburgh is the center of the leading steel district in the world.

Anthracite coal was discovered near the present city of Wilkes-Barre as early as 1762. Pennsylvania owns virtually all the anthracite fields in the United States.

Petroleum in the United States was discovered in Pennsylvania. So, also, was natural gas.

Besides coal, petroleum and gas, there are rich clay, limestone, glass-sand and cement. Pittsburgh steel and Lehigh cement built the great Gatun Locks at Panama.

Whenever you look through your window, or the bottom of a glass, you likely are squinting through "Pennsy-made." Pennsylvania is first in glass.

Pennsylvania didn't make the first locomotive, but the Baldwin plant at Philadelphia is the greatest of its kind. And the Pennsylvania Railroad has been termed the greatest single factor in American transportation.

The Pennsylvania Railroad was the first to use steel rails, the first to use Bessemer steel rails, the first to use the air brake, the track tank and the signal-block system. It was Pennsylvania Railroad capital and enterprise that put the first tunnel under the waters of New York harbor.

Pennsylvania didn't build the first ships, but Cramps', at Philadelphia, is one of the largest shipbuilding yards in the world, and the Delaware River leads America in the art of ship-building.

Lancaster County, Pa., is the richest agricultural section in our country. It yields nearly twice as much tobacco as any other county in the United States.

The cities of Lancaster and Philadelphia lead the country in the manufacture of silk umbrellas.

In Pennsylvania the first correspondence school was started. The I. C. S. is to-day the greatest organization of its kind in the world.

And while you are being told of these things that Pennsy started just remember it was in Philadelphia that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. It was in a little house on Arch Street, in Philadelphia, that Betsy Ross worked out the first Starry Emblem. The first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia. The first United States Supreme Court convened in Philadelphia. Washington, the first President, was inaugurated in Philadelphia. The first national Thanksgiving Day proclamation was issued at York, Pa. Valley Forge, Pa., saw the turning point in the Revolutionary War. Gettysburg, Pa., was the turning point in the War of the Rebellion. It was Robert Morris, Philadelphia banker, who financed the American Revolution. Stephen Girard, Philadelphia banker and merchant, financed the War of 1812. Jay Cooke, Philadelphia banker, financed the Civil War. It was Gouverneur Morris, assistant superintendent of finance to Robert Morris, who suggested the use of the decimal system in our currency and the terms "dollar" and "cent," a strictly American business institution.

New York has a great name for the manufacture of clothing—men's and women's. Not all the worsted and woolen fabrics used in New York clothing factories come from Pennsylvania, but they would have difficulty without her. In Kensington alone—a part of Philadelphia—they annually manufacture 28,000,000 yards of woolen goods, enough to make uni-



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forms for nine million soldiers. Of worsted goods, they produce annually 34,000,000 yards, enough to make a suit of clothes for every man over nineteen years of age now living in the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

Massachusetts is famous for the shoes she makes. It is not universally known, but nevertheless it is a fact, that Pennsylvania is the first state in the Union in the production of leather.

Out of the 264 classifications used in reporting the industries in the United States Census Reports, 245 are represented in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania leads in a number of these industries—and yet Pennsylvania is not our first state. She has always been a strong second; second to Virginia in the Colonial days, second to New York to-day. Why? Possibly because she does not make up in finished form more of the many materials she sends outside for other folk to fashion into the final product.

More than likely Pennsylvania is second instead of first because of facts like these—over one-fourth the underwear consumed in the United States is Pennsy-made. Yet the fastest growing lines, the trade marked, advertised lines, are made outside this commonwealth.

Pennsylvania leads in the value of the cotton towels and toweling produced in this country. But when the American housewife goes to buy towels she does not know of any Pennsylvania-made line to ask for.

The western part of Pennsylvania produces some of the finest glassware made in America, imitations of Favre and Baccarat ware that almost defy detection. Yet you could shop for a month and not know it when you saw it nor know what to ask for.

Do you know of a single Pennsylvania manufacturer of worsted or woolen dress fabrics whose excellent goods you could get by calling for them at any dry goods store?

Pennsylvania is a great workshop, a great worker-up of raw materials. In some lines she is a great advertiser. Generally speaking, her manufacturers have yet to take command of their markets.

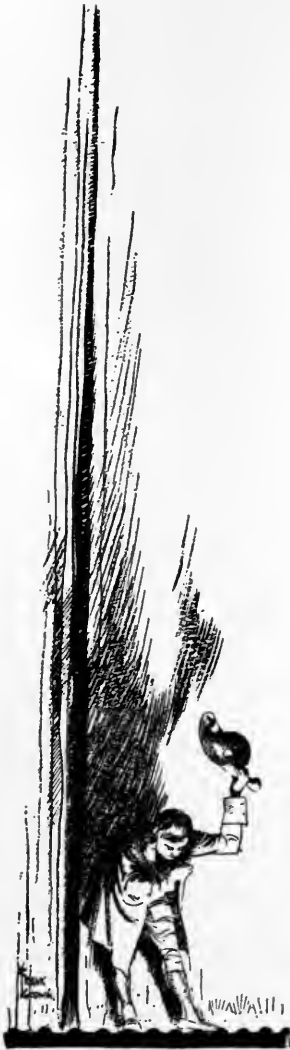
It is stated on the authority of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* that William Penn was the first advertiser in this country.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, are not the *first*, the original advertising agency. We are, however, the oldest and the largest advertising agency in the world to-day, with a reputation for making advertising pay the advertiser.

This organization has always pioneered in progressive business principles. We were the first advertising agency to establish a uniform rate for service among all classes of clients. We were the first agency to prepare a form of open contract that leaves the advertiser free to be guided in expenditure by existing conditions. We were the first agency to inaugurate the idea of conferences between the advertiser and all the workers in the vital interests of his advertising and selling. We were the first agency to establish a department of expert copy production. We were the first to originate a plans department to scientifically study the advertiser's field, and to prepare statistics that should intelligently guide us and him in the expenditure of his money.

We have been notably successful in helping manufacturers to nationalize their merchandise. This success has largely been due to the fact that these advertisers have first helped us to help them. We believe we can help any enterprising Pennsylvania manufacturer who wants to control his own destiny. The first step is to help us by opening up your heart and telling us your hopes, aims and ambitions.

EPILOGUE



Epilogue

FRIENDS, the tale is ended. One by one, each of our characters—the States of the Union—has been woven into the tapestry of our story. We have endeavored, fairly and honestly, to show the part of accomplishment or of promise that each state occupies in our national business fabric.

Sitting behind the loom, passing the shuttle of fact through the warp of romance and adventure, we often wondered what design we were weaving into our Story of the States, what it would look like as a whole, for we were pioneers. There was no pattern to go by, no answer in the back of the book.

Now that our task is finished, we are aware that it was a mammoth undertaking. We suspected its proportions when we approached it. We presumed we took the full measure of the difficulties we were to encounter. But, like boys “ranging the wood to start a hare,” we uncovered a whole menagerie of bears.

In some quarters we have been accused of certain sins of commission and of omission. From every direction we are assured that we have done a fine, big job in a fine, big way.

It is only natural that partisan and patriot have risen to defend and to extend the things which we have stated of their commonwealths. We confess freely that few of the chapters are all they could be—are all they should be. In answer to our critics, we plead sheer inability to put into cold type much of the wonderful inspiration that has come to us, and we gladly take refuge in the sanctuary, open to all advertisers, that limited space prevented our doing justice to the subject.

Also, we confess without shame, having been the recipients of much encouragement and applause, that we find the encouragement and applause most acceptable.

Candidly, we believe we put forth an effort that few would have had the courage to attempt. We are more than a little proud that we have the ability and knowledge to initiate, carry on and conclude so exacting and important a piece of work.

Is it selfish to now say that *we* have gained most by our undertaking? In the pursuit of information of what each state has done, in the study of the natural ebb and flow of enterprise and development, we have acquired a perspective that is of enormous profit to us and must prove of advantage to those we serve.

We hope that "The Story of the States" has added something to the progressive thought of nationalism in advertising.

Its main purpose has been dual: to show that there are latent advertising possibilities in nearly every state in our Union, and that N. W. Ayer & Son are a national advertising agency, with a grasp and an appreciation of national as well as local conditions.

We have proved beyond contention that this institution is not confined in its activities, but that we are peculiarly capable of serving advertisers wherever located, because of the bigness and broadness of our nation-wide perceptions and accomplishments.



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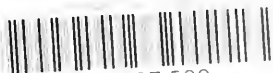
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